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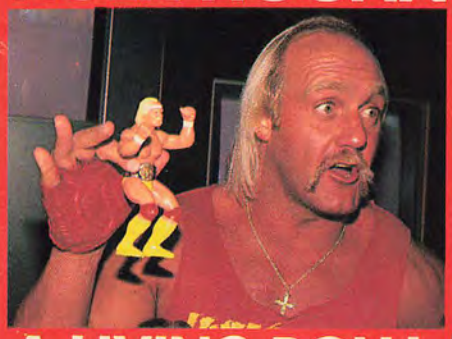

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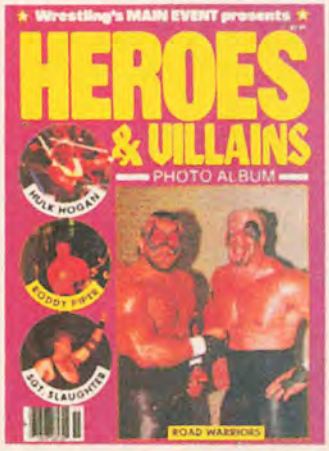

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June '86, Vol. 4 No.8

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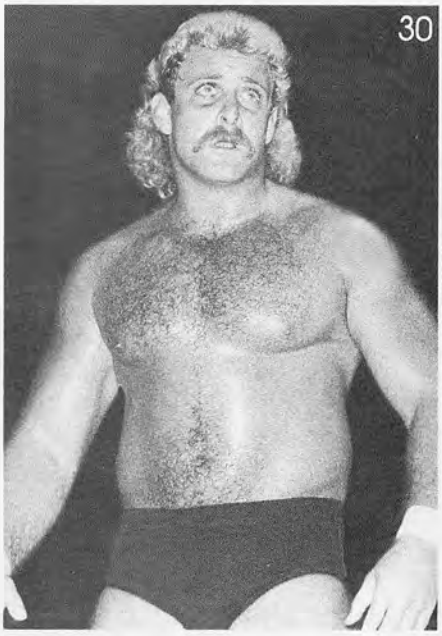

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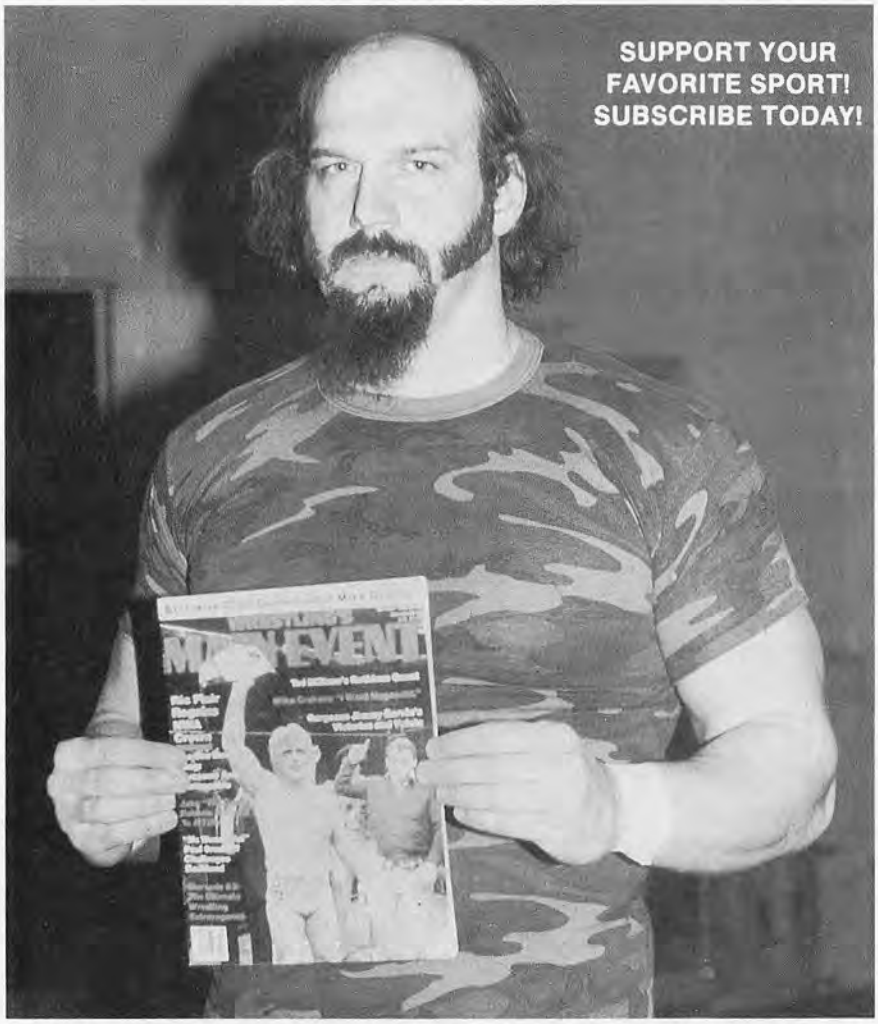

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EDITOR'S CORNER

What's wrong with this picture? Unless you've been locked in a closet somewhere you can correctly identify the man below as "Rowdy" Roddy Piper, Professional Wrestler. But if you didn't already know, and this wasn't *Wrestling's* MAIN EVENT, then you might have concluded that he belongs to another athletic profession—based solely on the pair of mitts hanging around his shoulders. Since when do Pro Wrestlers carry boxing gloves?

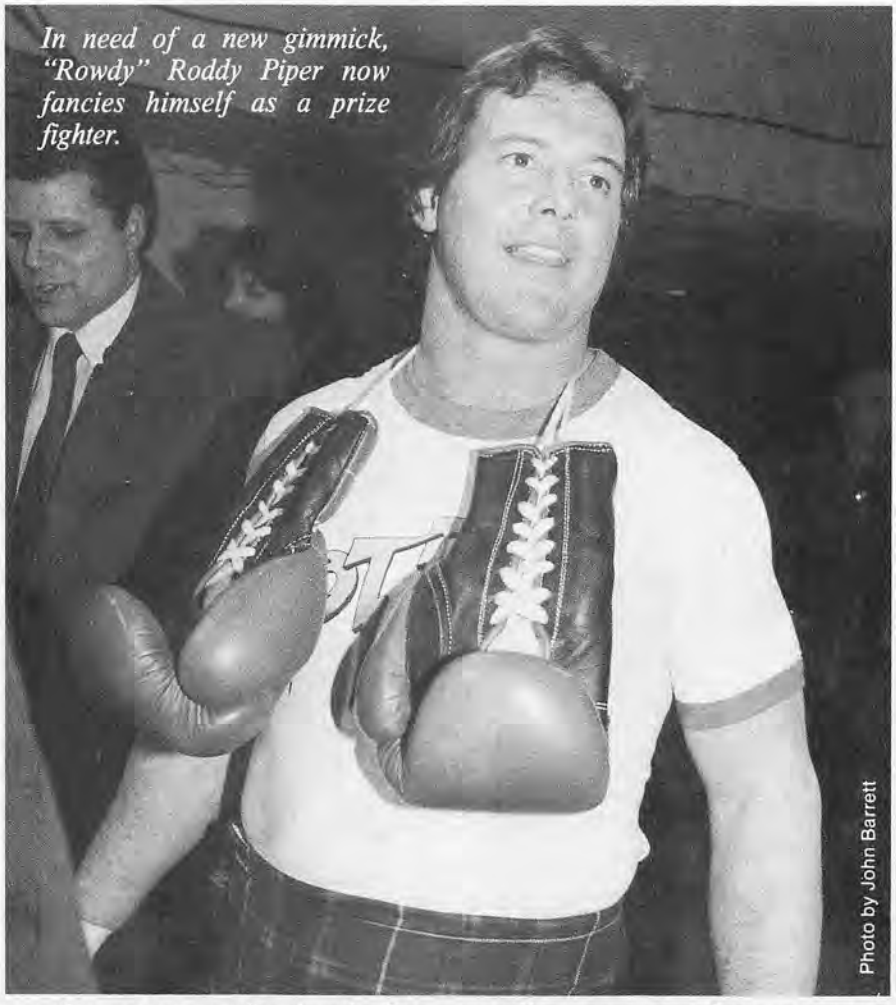
Last month WME ran a cover story entitled "Is He Losing His Grip on the WWF?" The jist of the article was that one of the federation's most explosive stars was on a treadmill going nowhere, wasting his wrestling talent in a futile feud with Bruno Sammartino.

Although he still had his own TV segment, it seemed like months since anything really exciting had happened on "Piper's Pit." It actually looked as if the "Rowdy One" had mellowed out.

But, of course, we should've known better. With "WrestleMania 2" rolling around, there was no way Piper would take the back seat—not after being the one who brought it all to a head last year. Just as we suspected, the devious Piper had a few tricks up his sleeve, or as we would find out later, gloves on his hands.

In historic sequence, Piper introduced his bodyguard "Ace" as "Boxing" Bob Orton, issued an open challenge to all comers, was taken up by noneother than Mr. T, the twosome flogged the TV star to set up the showdown at "WrestleMania 2," and by now you certainly all know what happened there. In the meantime, Piper went out of his way to mercilessly humiliate midget wrestler the Haiti Kid in "Piper's Pit," just to seal his reputation as an unscrupulous villain and all-around bad guy.

That's jus' the facts though, the real question among mat-fans is, why *boxing* in the first place? Where does this fit into the overall scheme of Professional Wrestling?



In need of a new gimmick, "Rowdy" Roddy Piper now fancies himself as a prize fighter.

Photo by John Barrett

Let's make a quick comparison between the two sports for starters. In boxing, as in wrestling, two opponents face off in a 12′ x 12′ Squared Circle and try to beat the living daylights out of each other. But that's where the similarities end. In boxing, the warriors wear padded protective gloves, in wrestling they fight bare-fisted. In boxing, they take one minutes breaks between three minute rounds, in wrestling they don't stop fighting until the final bell sounds, sometimes after an hour of non-stop action. In boxing, each man has a trainer and crew, and a corner where they can sit down and refresh themselves between rounds, in wrestling some men have managers but most are on their own, and only get a splash down if some unruly fan hurls a beer in their direction—or a seat if their opponent clocks them with a steel chair. Obviously, by these standards, boxing is not nearly as strenuous as the "Sport of Kings," and is far less challenging to a skilled mat-smith like Roddy Piper.

Could this simply be a lazy was out of the mat-wars for Roddy Piper? Could he be backing down from real wrestling challenges to romp through three-minute rounds? Or is it simply another gimmick to gain attention? This last possibility seems the most likely, but if Piper's going to cop a *new* pose, maybe it's time he took off that stupid skirt!

■JEREMY TEPPER

LETTERS
To The Editor

BEWARE OF IMITATION

I enjoy reading WME every month, but what I really want to say is that I think Barry Windham is the most gorgeous hunk in the world!! I was so depressed when he left the WWF, and now I am even more disgusted with Vince McMahon—besides letting Barry go in the first place, he gets some guy to wrestle who is tall, blond, and about Barry's size. Dan Spivey, that's this guys name, is the poorest excuse for a Barry Windham look-a-like. McMahon is not going to fool too many of Barry's fans. I hope Vince McMahon reads this, I really do, because he's probably kicking himself already since he's lost the classiest wrestler he's ever had in his federation! If McMahon was smart, he'd try to get Barry to come back, but I seriously doubt if Barry will ever come back to the WWF and that's sad.

Naomi Nishijima
Etobicoke, Canada

Photos by Bill Otten

The WWF has tried to replace Barry Windham with Dan Spivey.

GOODBYE, GINO!

The sport of wrestling may never be the same again. I am referring to the tragic death of Gorgeous Gino Hernandez. Fans will never again see the skill, charm, and charisma that he brought to this great sport in his short career. While some fans didn't like his tactics, most had great respect for Gino. I think I speak for most fans when I leave you with this: When Gino died, a piece of us died with him.

Trent McDaniel
Montgomery, AL

WHAT HAPPENED TO HAYNES?

I liked your interview with Billy (Jack) Haynes, "Hanging Around the House," in the March issue of Wrestling's MAIN EVENT.

A lot of us in Southwest Florida have been wondering what has happened to Billy because we haven't seen him for awhile.

Billy Jack Haynes has high-tailed it out of Florida to return to Portland.

Billy (Jack) Haynes is one of my favorite wrestlers. I like (love) Billy Jack and he's the only wrestler I have ever cried for when he was in pain in the ring. His match with Rick Rude was a real brawl between the two.

I go to every match in Fort Myers, Florida and the last time Billy was there was in February of '85. I have been waiting for him to come back to Southwest Florida ever since.

Tommy Anderson
LaBelle, FL

Ed. Note: We're glad you enjoyed the interview with Billy Haynes, Tommy—

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it was conducted during one of his more relaxed and stable periods. Since then Haynes has already up and left the Florida and World Championship areas and returned to his native Pacific Northwest Wrestling.

BULLISH ON THE DOGS

I really like your magazine, especially the stories, but there's one problem, you guys aren't writing enough about the British Bulldogs! If you ask me the Bulldogs could beat almost any tag-team you matched them up with. The toughest would probably be the Road Warriors, but the Bulldogs would dispose of them in about 10 minutes. One more thing, all these people who are saying that the WWF stinks and the NWA or the AWA are better won't see that until Hell freezes over.

Jason Mengelkock
Citrus Heights, CA

Ed. Note: You're only one of many mat-fans who has written to WME about the British Bulldogs, Jason, and if you missed our first feature on them in the February '86 issue, check out last month's article "How Long Can Beefcake and Valentine keep the British Bulldogs at Bay?"

SUPERFLY OUT OF SIGHT

I just don't understand what has happened to the talented wrestler from the Fiji Islands, Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka. He has not appeared in any WWF matches for quite awhile. His name has not been mentioned by the TV announcers or on "WWF on Tour," and it hasn't been mentioned in any wrestling magazine. What is going on here?

All this has got me wondering what has happened to one of the most talented and respected wrestlers in the WWF.

Rovert Sochacki
Hicksville, NY

Ed. Note: While fellow islanders Ricky Steamboat, King Tonga, and Siva Afi try to fill in for Jimmy Snuka's high-flying style in the WWF, the original "Superfly" has been enjoying unrivaled success on the Polynesian Pacific mat circuit and appearing regularly in Hawaii.

Photo by Jeremy Tepper

The British Bulldogs are one the sport's top tag-teams, writes Jason Mengelkock, and would even give the Road Warriors a run for their money.

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READER'S POLL RESULTS: "ANNOUNCING" JESSE "THE BODY" VENTURA

Following an impressive outpouring of public opinion, the results of WME's first official Readers' Survey are back and tabulated. In our April '86 issue we asked our readers whether they preferred Jesse "The Body" Ventura as a wrestler or as a ring announcer, and after being bombarded with over 11,000 votes and letters WME found that an overwhelming 74% would rather hear Jesse Ventura's color commentary than watch him wrestle. Take the hint Jesse, maybe it's time to hang up the tie-dyed tights once and for all!

OFFICIAL RESULTS:

RING ANNOUNCER ..... 8,324 votes

WRESTLER ..... 2,872 votes

"MACHO-MANIA" RUNNING WILD!

I was wondering why you haven't put an article and full-color centerfold on Randy Savage in your magazine. After all, he is the Intercontinental Champion now and one of the most popular "bad guys" in the WWF. Personally, I think he's the best wrestler around, and soon to be the new World's Champion.

Bill Tollner
Rockville Centre, NY

Ed. Note: Sorry to keep you waiting, Bill, but we're sure you'll enjoy the article on the "Macho Man" in this issue of WME. If you thumb through your back issues of MAIN EVENT, however, you'll find that we included an article and pin-up of Randy Savage in our November '85 issue.

Each month Wrestling's MAIN EVENT reserves this space to provide a forum for our readers' viewpoints. If you've got something you want to say, or questions you'd like answered, just drop a line to:

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THE HEART PUNCH

A no holds barred look at Professional Wrestling, straight from the heart!

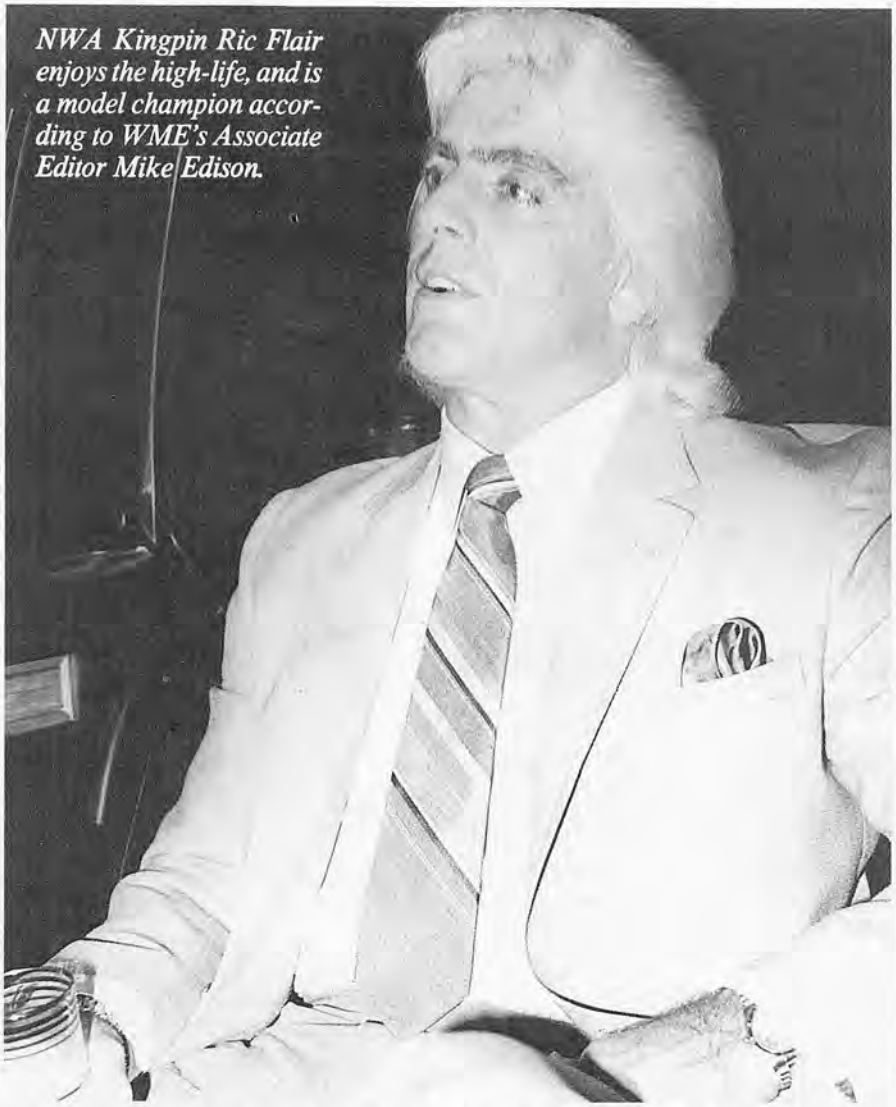
Realistically speaking there can only be one World's Champion—any more than that just doesn't make sense—but wrestling isn't always realistic and we have three, maybe even four men claiming to be the "World's Heavyweight Champion."

Now if hair was what determined the champion, Ric Flair would still be on top. His peroxide mane may not have the waves of Bockwinkel's combed back crown and he may not have the sideburns of Harley Race or Stan Stasiak, all former World's Champs, but he does have the "Nature Boy Doo," and for my money he *is* the Undisputed Heavyweight Champion of the World.

With the title come certain responsibilities. It is his obligation to maintain a high quality of wrestling that would befit his exalted status. Champions must prove their worth every night, not just be beating their opponents, but by doing it with class. Ric Flair keeps Suplexes in his hip pocket, he's got the panache, the grace, the hair . . . it is always a treat to see him defend his title. He's the best inthe business.

I don't think I hear anyone arguing, maybe a few Hulkamaniacs who think the tan giant is some kind of champ, but we all know he can't wrestle and has almost no hair. Stan Hansen, one of the meanest men ever to step in the ring, lays fiar claim to the AWA World's Title—if only the competition he faced was more diverse, or there was more of it, this reporter might take his bid to being "World's Champ" to heart.

But there's another criterion that this column holds to be ever important int he makeup of a champion—he's got to be the kind of man that children can look up to, the kind of man I would want my kids to emulate. Now if they all ran around acting like Stan Hansen the house would be in shambles, and God knows what violent remedy I would bring down on their heads if they started acting like the shameless Huckster. Now, take a look at Ric Flair. He is just about the most hated man in the NWA. There is no question about where he stands—on the rulebreaking side of the fence, close enough to spit at Dusty and Magnum, eager to help out his rulebreaking pals, and maybe even break a leg or two.



NWA Kingpin Ric Flair enjoys the high-life, and is a model champion according to WME's Associate Editor Mike Edison.

Hold on—what's going on here? I thought a champion was supposed to act honorably, Edison, like you said, and set a good example for the kids. Well, Ric Flair is setting an example, and it's a damn good one. Better the Kids wore powder blue three piece suits than torn Hulkamania t-shirts. Ric Flair is a real man and a real World's Champion. He is an athlete and a gentleman. He is not a buffoon. He's the kind of man kids everywhere should look up to. The world would be a better place if they did . . . *WHOOOOOOOOOO!!!*

■ **MIKE EDISON**

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

SULLIVAN'S "FAMILY" HOPES TO SNARE LUGAR

King Curtis has joined Kevin Sullivan.

Wrestling veteran **King Curtis Iaukea,** the acting manager and "Chairman of the Board" for **Kevin Sullivan's** "Family," has announced his intentions to recruit Southern Champion **Lex Lugar** into his stable composed of the **Purple Haze, Maha Singh,** and **Luna**—the two-sided daughter of **Butcher Vachon.**

"With the powerful Lugar on our team there will be no hope for the **Windhams!!** " blares Curtis, who is now recognized as the Head Betel Nut Chewer. "Young Lugar has a bright future in the darkness, but first he must make up his mind. No man can serve two masters."

So far, however, Lugar has declined the offers, and continues to enjoy a successful second reign as Southern Champion (Lugar recently regained his title from former champion **Jesse Barr).** "I'm my own man," Lugar insists defiantly. "If I want advice I'll ask my trainer **Hiro Matsuda.** The last thing I need is to join up with some sideshow freaks spouting mumbo-jumbo!"

Southern Titleholder Lex Lugar wants no part of Sullivan.

DICK SLATER RULES MID-SOUTH REGION

The ever "Unpredictable" **Dick Slater** has once again defied expectations by defeating **Jake "The Snake" Roberts** to win the Mid-South Television Title while reclaiming his North American Heavyweight Championship.

The undisputed decision comes after Mid-South officials had held up the North American Title for one month following a controversial victory by Jake Roberts. Under the conditions of the march, Slater's valet **Dark Journey** would not appear at ringside if Roberts agreed not to use his deadly DDT. Although Dark Journey kept her distance, Robert's didn't live up to his side of the bargain and used the DDT to set up a pinfall.

Dick Slater has run Jake Roberts out of the Mid South area.

For the rematch to establish a clear-cut champion, Dark Journey agreed to be locked in a cage suspended above the ring and the DDT was legal, but in a match of skills and wills Slater proved to be the more determined of the two and walked off with a clean win.

With not one, but two titles in his possession Slater is sure to have his hands full with challenges in the upcoming months, meanwhile, Jake Roberts has left the Mid-South area to wrestle for the WWF.

Photos by Bill Otten and Al Rivera

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

"TB ENTERPRISES" GOES NATIONAL

In perfect accordance with their calculated plan, "TB Enterprises" is now the proud owner of the NWA National Heavyweight Title.

This marks the first time in the history of Professional Wrestling that a corporation, rather than an individual competitor, has held a recognized title. Of course the "TB" stands for **Tully Blanchard,** and the "Enterprises" is the parent company which sponsers the bratty mat-star.

"Everything went exactly according to plan," says **J.J. Dillon,** the Administrative Director for TB Enterprises.

Tully Blanchard Enterprises is the proud owner of the National Title.

"We gave **Dusty Rhodes** exactly four weeks to enjoy his title reign, and then we came and collected the National Championship. You can't say we didn't warn him!"

The victory came on one of the World Championship Wrestling broadcasts when NWA Heavyweight Champion **Ric Flair** helped a weary Blanchard back into the ring and apparently placeda foreign object in his fist which the "Superbrat" used to stun Rhodes before covering him for the pin. When **Baby Doll** objected to the decision, Flair and Blanchard threatened to finish her off as well, before **Magnum T.A., Sam Houston,** and others came to her rescue.

WORLD CLASS CREATES NEW WORLD'S TITLE

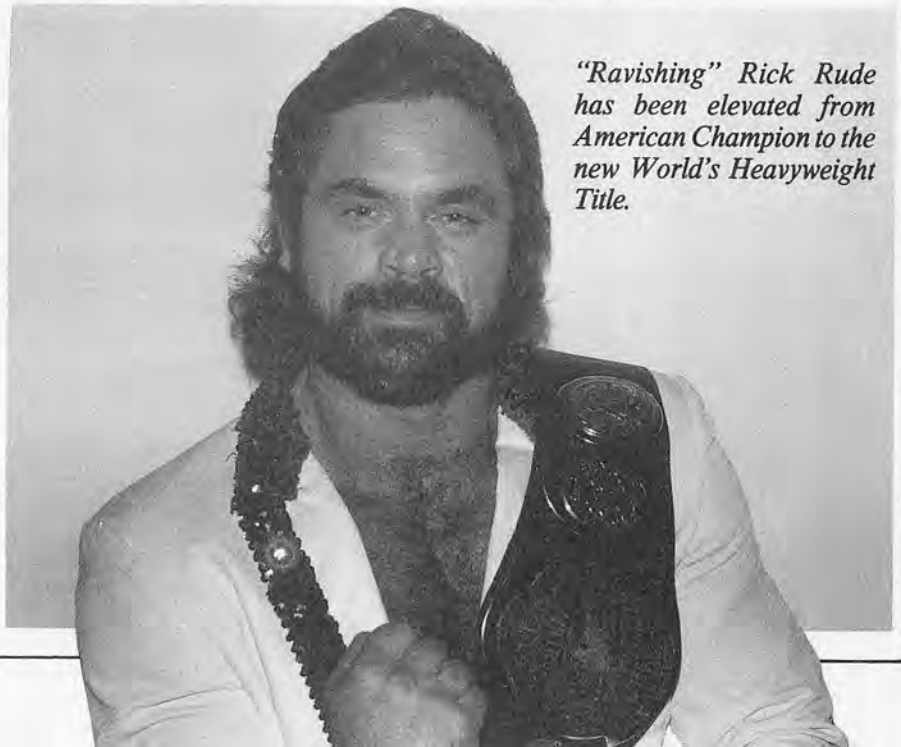
The Texas based World Class Wrestling Association has announced that they are creating a new World's Heavyweight Title, and are bestowing the honor on their current American Champion, **Rick Rude.**

This development will leave the American Title vacant until a tournament can be arranged to determine a successor to Rude for that position.

"I've known all along that I was the greatest wrestler on earth," boasts Rude about his new role, "and it's about time they created a championship just for me—they might as well have called it 'World's Champion and Sex Symbol' while they were at it!"

Though World Class officials claim that the new title will carry the same weight as the NWA, AWA, and WWF titles, they still assert that they have not broken off with the NWA, and apparently the World Class Champion will be rated as NWA Champion Ric Flair's number one contender in Texas.

Rick Rude will begin defending his new title immediately, with one major qualifier—the World Class Champion can only retain his title with a pinfall, and not by a count-out or disqualification. World Class officials are hoping that this stipulation will earn their titleholder the distinction of being a true "fighting champion."



"Ravishing" Rick Rude has been elevated from American Champion to the new World's Heavyweight Title.

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

In other wrestling news, "WrestleMania 2" went off as scheduled this month, and certainly lived up to everyone's greatest expectations. By holding three cards simultaneously from coast to coast the WWF has once again made wrestling history. We can only wonder how on earth they'll be able to top this one next year . . .

One complaint many fans did have with "WrestleMania 2," however, was the featured boxing match between **Mr. T** and **Roddy Piper.** In the best interests of Professional Wrestling, let's hope that this will be the last time mat-fans will see either Piper or "Boxing" **Bob Orton** adorned with boxing gloves! . . .

Although WWF Heavyweight Champion **Hulk Hogan** has had his chance to revenge the injuries he suffered on *Saturday Night's MAIN EVENT* at the hands of **King Kong Bundy** and the **Magnificent Muraco,** it's a sure bet that The Hulkster will want to get a few more shots at Bundy before he moves on to his next challenge . . .

Dory "Hoss" Funk is teaming with his brother Terry against the JYD.

Loveable looney-toon George "The Animal" Steele is still in hot pursuit of Intercontinental Champion Randy Savage and his manager Elizabeth.

Randy "Macho Man" Savage continues to fend off attacks from **George "The Animal" Steele,** who seems more interested in getting a crack at **Elizabeth** than winning the Intercontinental Belt . . .

If the **Junkyard Dog** thought **Terry Funk** was tough, he must not be too happy about having **Dory Funk Jr.** teaming with Terry under the management of **Jimmy Hart.** With Terry and "Hoss" to reckon with, the JYD

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WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

has been forced to team up with **Ricky Steamboat** and **Tito Santana** among others . . .

Though the results from "WrestleMania 2" haven't come in as we go to press, certainly everyone has been pulling for the **British Bulldogs** to topple **Greg Valentine** and **Brutus Beefcake** for the WWF Tag-Team Title. If the Bulldogs get gyped out of the title again it might be time to seriously consider a move to another area . . .

Adrian Adonis is apparently having a hard time finding opponents willing to wrestle the openly gay mat-star. Meanwhile, **Dan Spivey, Siva Afi, Hercules Hernandez,** and **Corporal Kirchner** continue to assert themselves in the WWF . . .

Many wrestlers would rather not tumble with tubby Adrain Adonis.

The National Wrestling Alliance has presented their undisputed World's Heavyweight Champion **Ric Flair** with a new Championship Belt. The strap is a breathtaking $35,000 masterwork of rubies, diamonds, silver, and gold, and they've even had Flair's name engraved in it . . .

United States Champion **Magnum T. A.** has been battling **Nikita Koloff** in a series of brutal challenges. Magnum insists that he won't let the U.S. Title fall into the Russian's hands . . .

With **Jim Cornette** at the helm, the **Midnight Express** maintain a firm hold on the NWA World's Tag-Team Title despite valiant challenges by the former champs, the **Rock-n-Roll Express**—who are sometimes known to carry tennis rackets of their own now . . .

NWA Television Champion **Arn Anderson** has been teaming in tag matches with World's Champion **Ric Flair** while his uncle **Ole Anderson**

NWA TV Champion Arn Anderson.

recuperates. The dasterdly duo are calling themselves the "Risky Business Boys" . . .

With World Class American Champion **Rick Rude** being elevated to the

Magnum T.A. has seen a lot of red lately in his epic battles with Nikita Koloff for the United States Heavyweight Championship.

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MONSTERS OF THE MAT VOL. 3

ROAD WARRIORS vs. THE FABULOUS FREEBIRDS *AWA World's Tag Team Championship* • LITTLE TOKYO vs. LITTLE MR. T *Midgets World Championship* • CRUSHER BLACKWELL vs. KAMALA, THE UGANDAN GIANT *Body Slam Match, $10,000 Prize To Winner*

ROUND 2
MONSTERS OF THE MAT VOL. 4

BORIS ZUCHOFF vs. SERGEANT SLAUGHTER *America's Heavyweight Championship* • MIL MASCARAS vs. BUDDY ROBERTS *Mexican Heavyweight Championship* • BABA, TSUTRA, TENURE vs. THE LONG RIDERS, HARLEY RACE *6 Man International Tag Team Championship* • KERRY VON ERICH vs. GORGEOUS JIMMY GARVIN (WITH VALET PRECIOUS) *Texas Heavyweight Championship*

ROUND 3
MONSTERS OF THE MAT VOL. 5

STEVE REGAL vs. BRAD REINEGANS *AWA Junior Weight Championship* • SHERRY MARTEL vs. CANDY DEVINE *AWA Women's World Championship* • GREG GAGNE, CURT HENIG, SCOTT HALL vs. ZYBSZKO, BOCKWINKEL, STEVENS *6 Man Tag Team Championship* • RICK MARTEL vs. STAN HANSON *AWA World's Heavyweight Championship*

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WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

newly established World's Champion status, the American Title has been declared vacant until a tournament can be set up to determine his successor. This is also the case with the World Class Tag-Team Title which has been vacant since **Gino Hernandez** passed away, and his former partner **Chris Adams** has returned to his native England . . .

The other World Class titleholder, the **Masked Grappler** has been facing stiff challenges from **Brian Adias,** while the **Fabulous Freebirds** continue to battle **Kerry, Kevin,** and **Lance Von Erich** for the Six-Man Tag-Team Title . . .

Another feud in the World Class area centers around the **Missing Link** and **John Tatum,** or more specifically

The maniacal Missing Link is still stomping his way through Texas.

their respective valets, **Sunshine** and **Missy Hyatt** . . .

"King Kong" **Bruiser Brody** has made his triumphant return to the AWA and looks to be teaming with **The Barbarian** and the other members of **Sheik Adnan Al-Kaissey's** "Army," **Boris Zuchoff** and the **Mongolian Stomper,** to overthrow AWA Tag-Team Champions **Curt Hennig** and "Big" **Scott Hall.** Brody also has an old score to settle with long time namesis **Crusher Blackwell . . .**

The Long Riders, "Wild" Bill and **Scott "Hog" Irwin** have been getting their share of shots at **Hennig** and **Hall**

The AWA wants the Long Riders to wear regulation wrestling gear.

but always seem to get disqualified for using their controversial biker boots as foreign objects . . .

The bitter feud between **Nick Bockwinkel** and **Larry Zbyszko** may be unrivaled in all of wrestling, as the former tag partners are now going at each other in a series of "Death

"King Kong" Bruiser Brody has returned to the AWA and renewed his feud with mountain man Jerry "Crusher" Blackwell.

WRESTLING'S ROUND-UP

A monthly report on all the latest happenings in the world of Professional Wrestling . . .

Superstar Billy Graham (right) has arrived in Florida to assist Blackjack Mulligan (left) and the Windham brothers in their endless war with Kevin Sullivan and his powers of darkness.

Matches" which have no time limits, disqualifications, or count outs. The two simply keep brawling until one man can no longer continue . . .

Who's going to unseat AWA Heavyweight Champion **Stan Hansen?** Apparently not the America's Champion **Sgt. Slaughter,** who seems to be willing to surrender for once in his life . . .

Ted DiBiase and "Dr. Death" **Steve Williams** are the coholders of the Mid-South Tag-Team Title, but have been outnumbered of late by **Dick Murdoch** and his partner the **Masked Superstar,** or should we say *Superstars.* Yes, there are *two* men wearing a mask and pairing with Murdoch in title matches . . .

The Mid-South's hottest feud revolves around **Hacksaw Duggan** and **Buzz Sawyer** who have been going at it in cages, with chains, dog collars, and anything else you can imagine . . .

Southern Champion **Lex Lugar** has regained his title from **Jesse Barr,** and the muscular mat-star appears to be on top to stay . . .

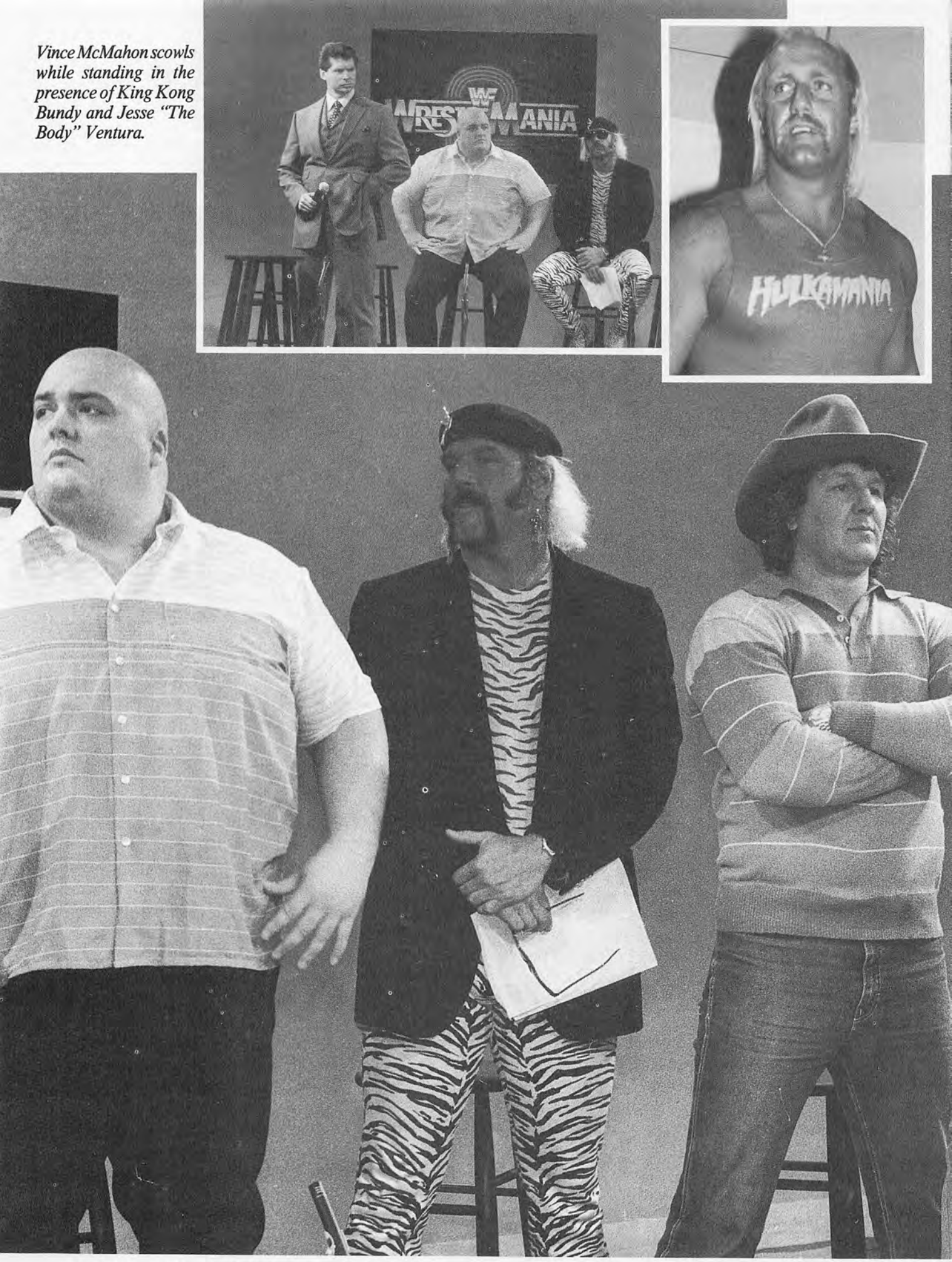
Kendall Windham recently lost his Florida Title to the dreaded **Cuban Assassin.** Meanwhile, Kendall's father **Blackjack Mulligan** has recruited his old friend **Superstar Graham** to help out in the Windham feud with **Kevin Sullivan,** the **Purple Haze,** and **Maha Singh.** Graham is temporarily filling in for **Barry Windham,** who has been on tour in the Orient . . .

Preliminary wrestler **Jerry Grey** has upset the "Haitian Sensation", **Tyrie Pride** in a TV match recently to claim the Bahama's Title . . .

The mysterious **Kendo Nagasaki** has returned to Florida under the management of **Sir Oliver Humperdink** . . .

That's all for now, we'll see you again next month! ■

Vince McMahon scowls while standing in the presence of King Kong Bundy and Jesse "The Body" Ventura.



WWF Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan (left) was looking forward to his steel cage battle with King Kong Bundy, who was part of the villainous line-up at the New York press conference.

A Closer Look at the Cast of Characters
The Face of "WrestleMania 2"

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY JOHN BARRETT

Several weeks before the big event, WWF head Vince McMahon called together members of the television media and general press to announce plans for the forthcoming "WrestleMania 2." Considering the grand scope of the closed circuit coverage for the three simultaneous wrestling cards, it should probably come as no surprise to anyone that the press conference itself was held coast to coast, with questions and answers being beamed back and forth between New York and Los Angeles.

Assembled at the New York location were some of the mega-event's major villains, including Hulk Hogan's challenger King Kong Bundy, who was preparing himself for a Steel Cage battle with the champ, and "Rowdy" Roddy Piper, who was training for his boxing match with Mr. T of the *A-Team.* Also attending the New York conference were Piper's cornerman and bodyguard "Boxing" Bob Orton, former Olympic boxing coach Lou Duva, who is helping to prep Piper for the big bout, and WWF anouncer extraordinaire Jesse "The Body" Ventura.

Meanwhile, on the other side of America, WWF Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan and Mr. T were stationed in L.A. as both parties fielded questions from New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago, the third site of the WrestleMania extravanganza. For the most part it was an ideal arrangement, in that the two groups of bitter rivals could not get at each other, and would have to wait until the event itself to unleash their hostilities.

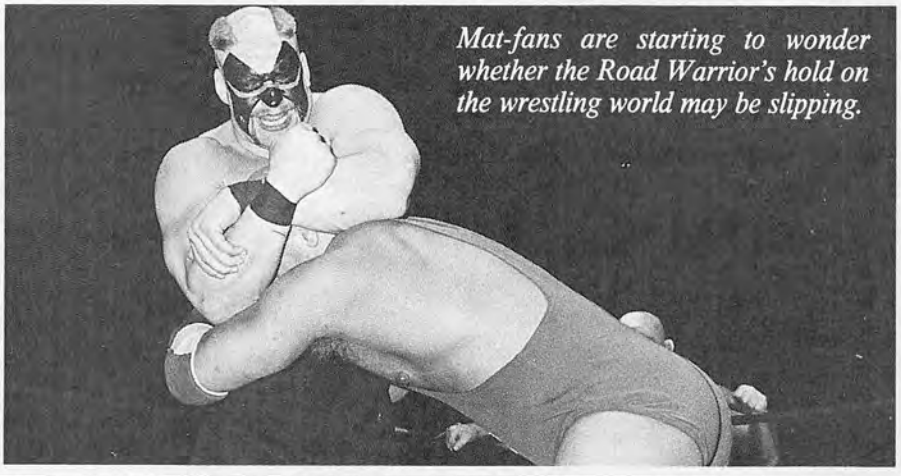
Wrestling's MAIN EVENT would like to congratulate Vince McMahon and the World Wrestling Federation for once again generating unprecedented interest in Professional Wrestling, even though they have gone outside the traditional boundaries of the sport to do so. In addition to the personalities pictured here, "WrestleMania 2" boasted an incredible array of talent from not only the world of Wrestling, but other professional sports also, as well as the glitzy world of show biz entertaiment. All of these factors contributed to make "WrestleMania 2" an event far bigger than the sum of it's parts.

■ **JEREMY TEPPER**

ROAD WARRIORS

Is their Love for America Making them Soft?

With their rough-house style left by the wayside, the Road Warriors may be weakening as they attempt to tackle the Koloffs and defend America's honor!



Mat-fans are starting to wonder whether the Road Warrior's hold on the wrestling world may be slipping.

Flag-Waving Fan Favorites Take on the Koloffs!

Road Warrior manager "Precious" Paul Ellering is tossed aside by Russian powerhouse Nikita Koloff.

Road Warrior Animal braces himself to receive double-barreled blows from Ivan and Nikita Koloff.

Photos by Cathy Dixson

By JESSE VON GARON

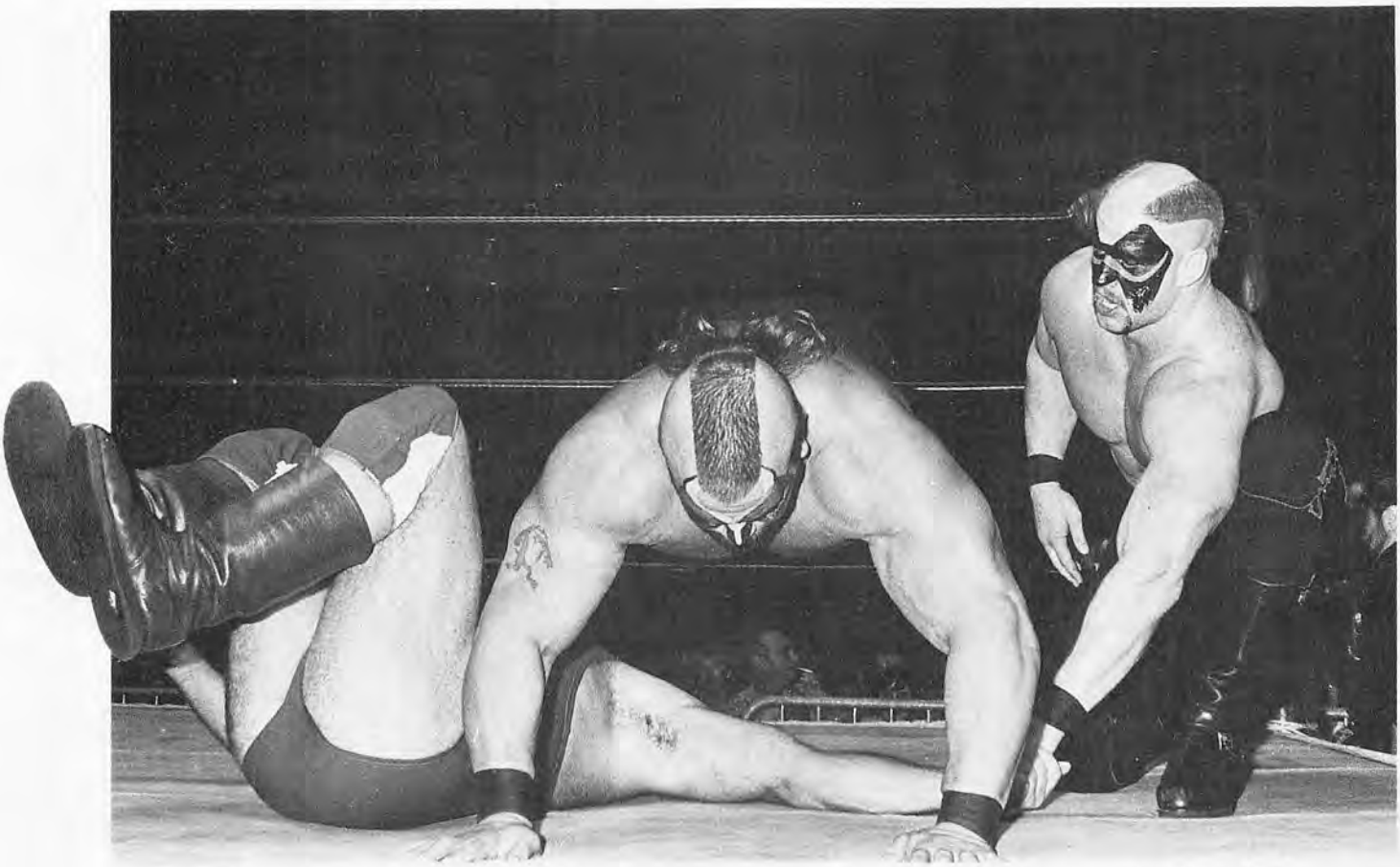
Back when they were better known as rock 'em sock 'em rulebreakers rather than flag-fearing crusaders, the Road Warriors' personal credo was summed up in three simple words; I DON'T CARE! Or, if they happened to be interrupting each other, WE DON'T CARE!! This philosophy was perfectly suited to the bone-breaking slash and burn style the Warriors perfected en route to the AWA Tag-Team Title, but as their fan acceptance reached epic proportions they muffled their outspoken approach. By the time they finally reached the World Championship area late last year certain exisiting threats forced the Road Warriors to admit that yes, they were concerned about something.

That something turned out to be the same thing that makes so many of wrestling's so-called heroes weak at the knees. It's the same thing that makes them glazy eyed when they see red, and genuflect for the stars and stripes. It's the same thing which turned Sgt. Slaughter from a hardened ring warrior into a mush-mouthed yahoo. That's right folks, the love of America has made the Road Warriors soft.

This is not a condemnation of the good ol' U.S.A., heavens no—how can you damn a nation which provides the freedom for Professional Wrestling to exist in the first place. But having pride for America in your heart and wearing it on your sleeve are two different things. Maybe that's why there are no sleeves on wrestling trunks.

Although they've been known as the "Ambassadors of Destruction," the Road Warriors really couldn't care less about political affairs. Back when they were battling rival biker gangs on Chicago's Southside, the Warriors were fighting for turf, and could hardly concern themselves with events halfway around the world. But now that they star each week on one of TV's highest rated cable sports shows they feel obliged to defend their country's honor against the communist threat, or something like that.

Now the squared Circle has been a place to play out national tensions since the first Claw Hold crossed an American skull, but in this age of detente it's an even better battlefield for political rivals. Where else can the superpowers go head to head in all-out war? Whereas we might hold summit meetings in the real world, in wrestling it's simply up to the Road Warriors to



Sometimes it takes both Road Warriors to take the upper hand against either one of the Koloffs.

obliterate the Russians altogether.

But if these Road Warriors are really so rough, how come Ivan and Nikita Koloff are still walking the face of the earth?

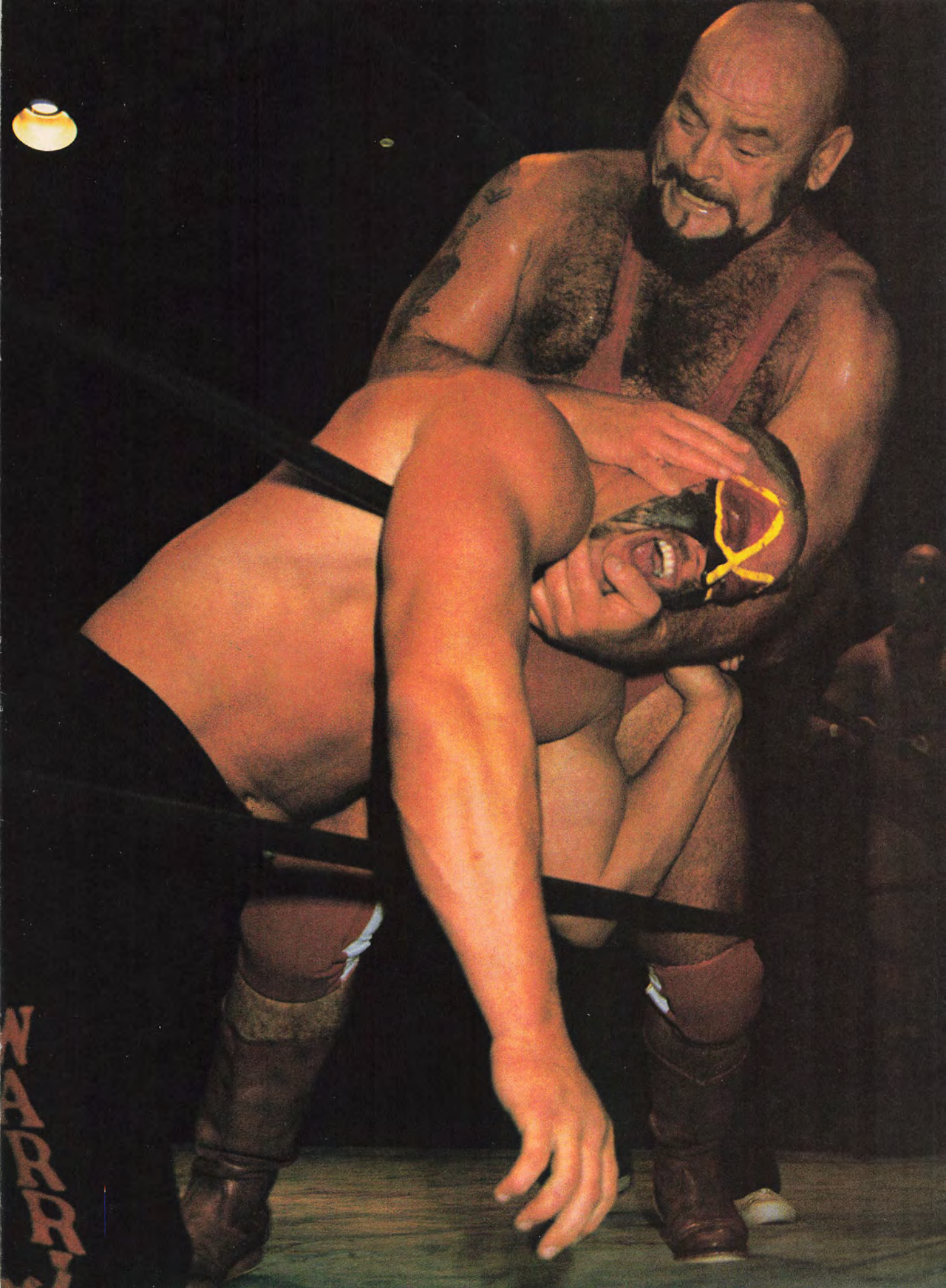
Has one of wrestling's all-time tag-teams finally met it's match, or have the fans' cheers really sapped their superhuman strength? The truth is that no matter how tough an outer crust they have in their studded leather ring gear, when it comes right down to it the Warriors are as sweet as apple pie.

"They really are a couple of good ol' boys at heart," Dusty Rhodes, one of the Warriors' strongest supporters and frequent tag partner, admitted to WME. "This 'punk rock' thing is just a look, underneath it all they're a couple of real teddy bears. Suspicions confirmed.

Six months ago nobody would have said something this revealing about the Road Warriors and lived. To a great extent Hawk and Animal depend on indimidation to take the upper hand, and with Dusty blabbering about what "nice guys" they are some folks might get wise to them. Certainly Ivan and Nikita Koloff aren't running scared.

In fact, as far as size and brute strength go, most observers agree that Nikita Koloff is equal if not superior to Hawk and Animal. Thanks to the strategic training of his uncle Ivan, Nikita has matured far beyond his years, and with veteran villain Baron Von Raschke in their corner the Russian team certainly has the advantage of experience over the Road Warriors. They also have the killer instinct, a trait the Warriors have been lacking of late. According to some reports, the self-avowed tough guys have even been seen signing autographs, and may be kissing babies before too long.

With their soft spot exposed, how long can the Road Warriors live up to their entrance song "Iron Man?" The day may come when they'll have to switch from Black Sabbath to Barry Manilow, and they'd probably still hear the fans' cheers. But this is no way to behave, and hopefully Precious Paul will realize which way they're heading and reroute the Road Warriors. It's still not too late to pull themselves up by their boot straps and start busting heads again, or else this seemingly endless feud with the Russians is going to turn the twin towering war-lords into a couple of American fools, and sad as it may sound, they don't seem to care. ■



HULKAMANIA
AMANIA

OUT OF THE RING

HULK HOGAN
A LIVING DOLL!

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY JOHN BARRETT

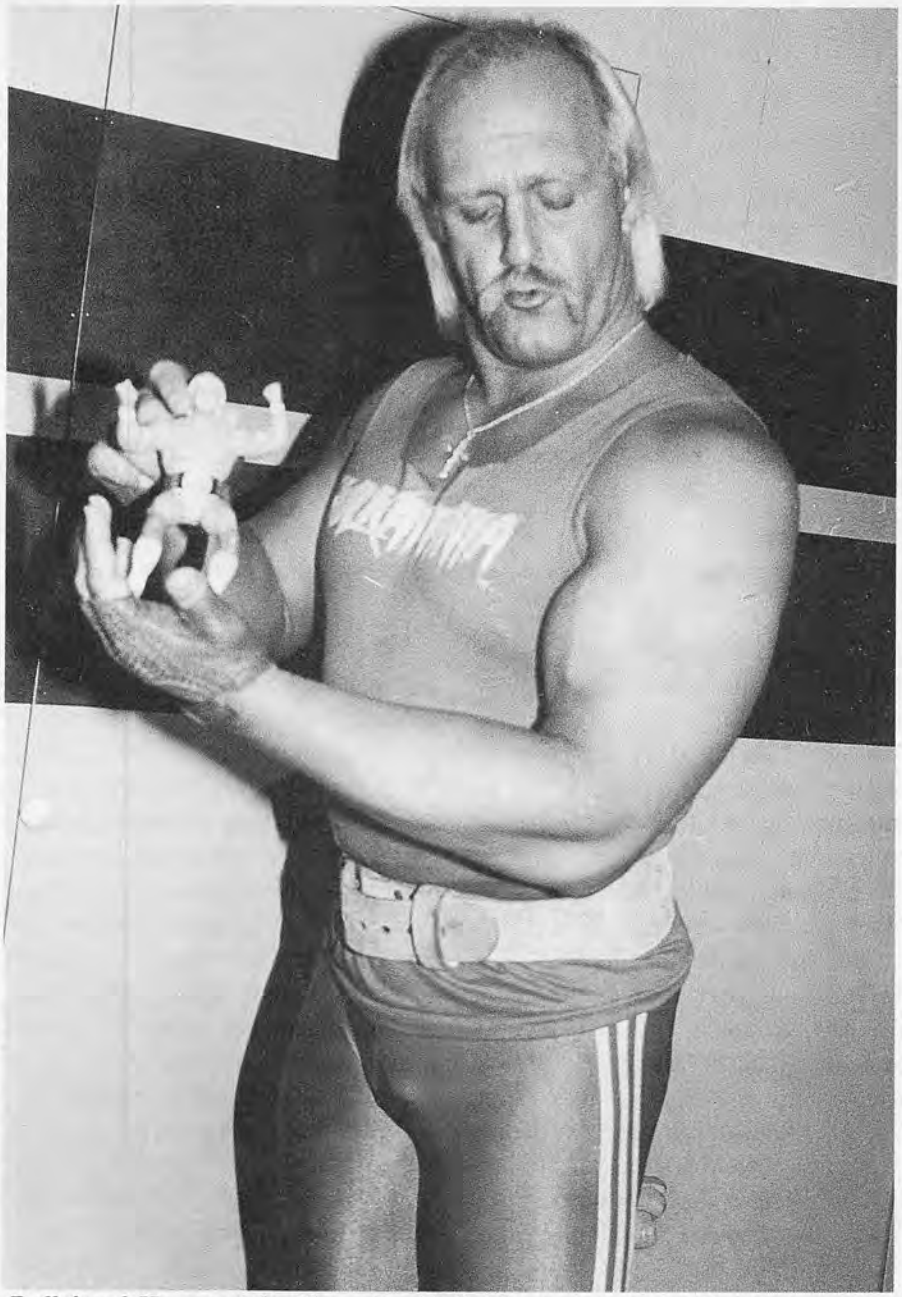
Nowadays WWF Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan comes in all shapes and sizes, but it was the original Hulkster which turned the most heads at the New York Toy Fair!

By JEREMY TEPPER

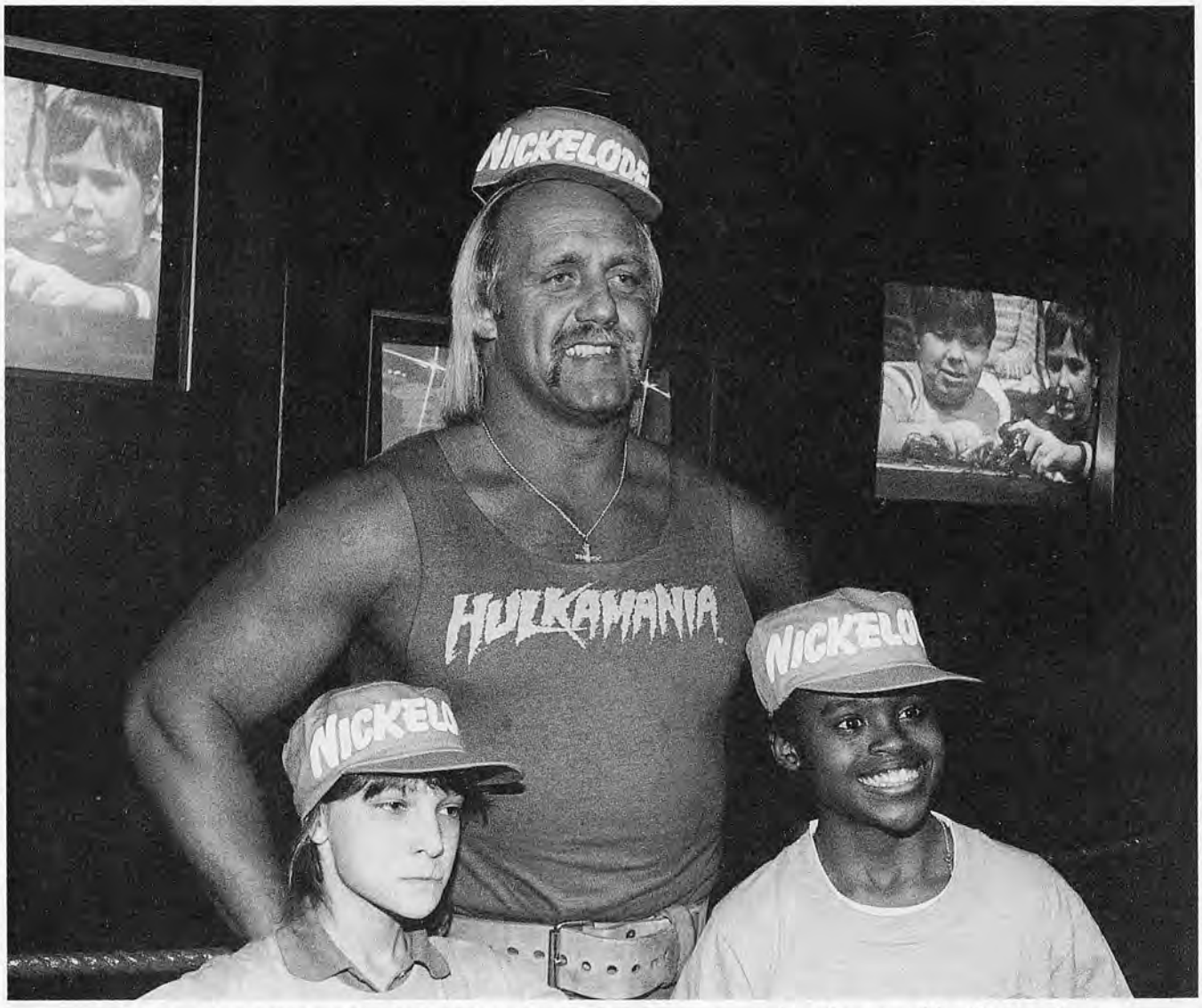
If you're a big fan of Hulk Hogan, then you don't need anyone to tell you that your favorite wrestling hero is not only a fearless mat warrior and matinee idol—but he makes a handsome doll as well. Thanks to the creative minds at LJN Toys. Hogan has taken on nearly half a dozen new forms, ranging from a bendy action figure to teensy thumb puppet, and when they announced their new line of WWF playthings at the New York Toy Fair the Hulkster was even on hand to mug it up with his own image.

While toy manufacturers and sales people from around the world mulled about the Toy Center on Fifth Avenue at 23rd Street in New York City's famous toy district Hulk Hogan loomed head and shoulders above passers by as he cordially answered questions from star-struck curiosity seekers and hard-core fans alike. As well-wishers offered The Hulkster their sincerest praise, the tanned giant gratefully signed autographs on anything and everything—including several of the dolls themselves.

Although Hulk Hogan's mammoth presence was obviously the main event at the Toy Fair, LJN was proudly exhibiting their impressive collection of WWF playmates. What started out as a limited line of "Wrestling Super-



Doll-faced Heavyweight Champion Hulk Hogan poses proudly with a scaled-down likeness of his over-sized self.



Hogan's big head doesn't quite fit in his Nickelodeon hat, as two of his fans stand beside their hero.

star" figures, featuring Hogan, Andre, Snuka, and the Iron Sheik, has blossomed into a full line of toys, including the new "Bendies" of nearly every major WWF mat-star which can be matched up in either the "Sling 'em Fling 'em Wrestling Ring" or the "Cage Match Challenge," which comes complete with a timekeeper's bell.

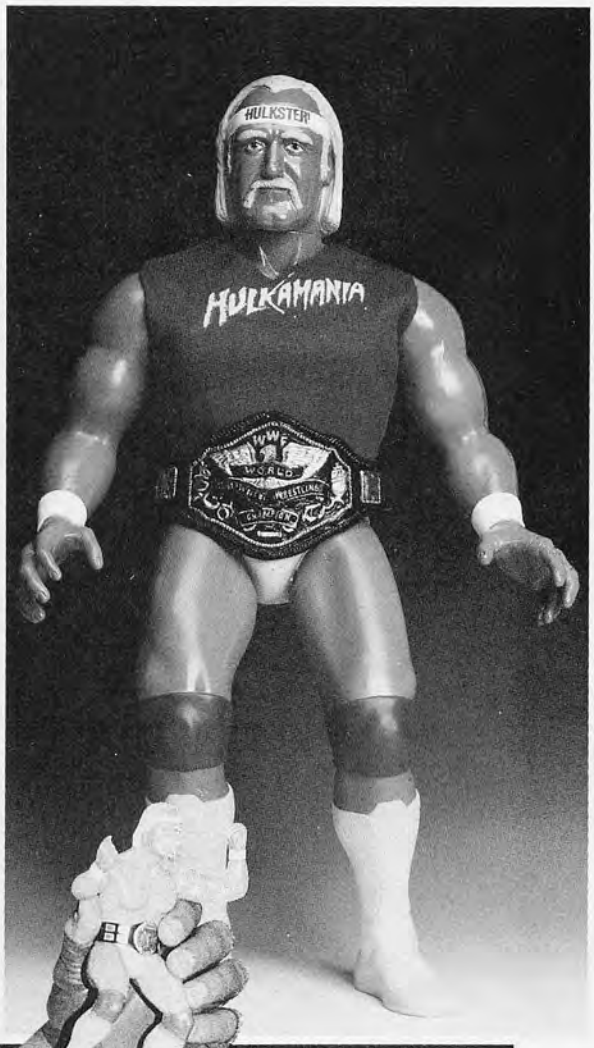
But that's not all they have to offer. LJN has also developed a set of motor vehicles to match with your favorite mat-stars, be it Hogan's "Muscle Machine," Rowdy Roddy's "Bag Piper," King Kong Bundy's "Whopper Chopper," or the Junkyard Dog's "Junk Rider." Not to mention the flashy four-wheeled "Hulkmobile" and Piper's "Hot Rod." It's really an assortment beyond anyone's wildest imagination.

"Pretty nice likeness," Hogan announced as he held up one of the new 16″ poseable Hulksters for WME's photographer-at-large John Barrett. "Sometimes I still can't believe it all. I never thought things could go this far." Neither did we, to tell you the truth, but apparently wrestling is hotter than ever before and Hogan can take the credit. When asked what he attributed his great success to, the happy Hulkster recommended that youngsters everywhere "eat their vitamins and say their prayers." Solid advice, to say the least.

But if that's not enough, aspiring young athletes can work out with LJN's Hulkamania "Deluxe Barbell Workout Set," "Dumbbell Set," "Jump-rope and Hand Grip Asst.," or "Physical Fitness Gift Set," all of which come complete with a Hulkster headband and Hulkamania Workout Cassette Tape.

"All in a day's work," sighed the Hulkster as he posed for some more photos with several adoring fans, "but it sure beats fighting Bundy. It's always a pleasure to meet the people who made it all happen for me in the first place. My fans are still more precious than all the championship gold on earth."

Despite what anyone might say about his wrestling skills or hyped-up image, there's no question that Hulk Hogan has grown into one heck of a wrestling champion, and parents should be proud to have their children look up to this model human being. When it comes to toys too, Hulk Hogan is nothing less than a living doll! ■



The Hulkster was in a playful mood at the New York Toy Fair (left), and was quite impressed by his new 16" fighting machine (above).

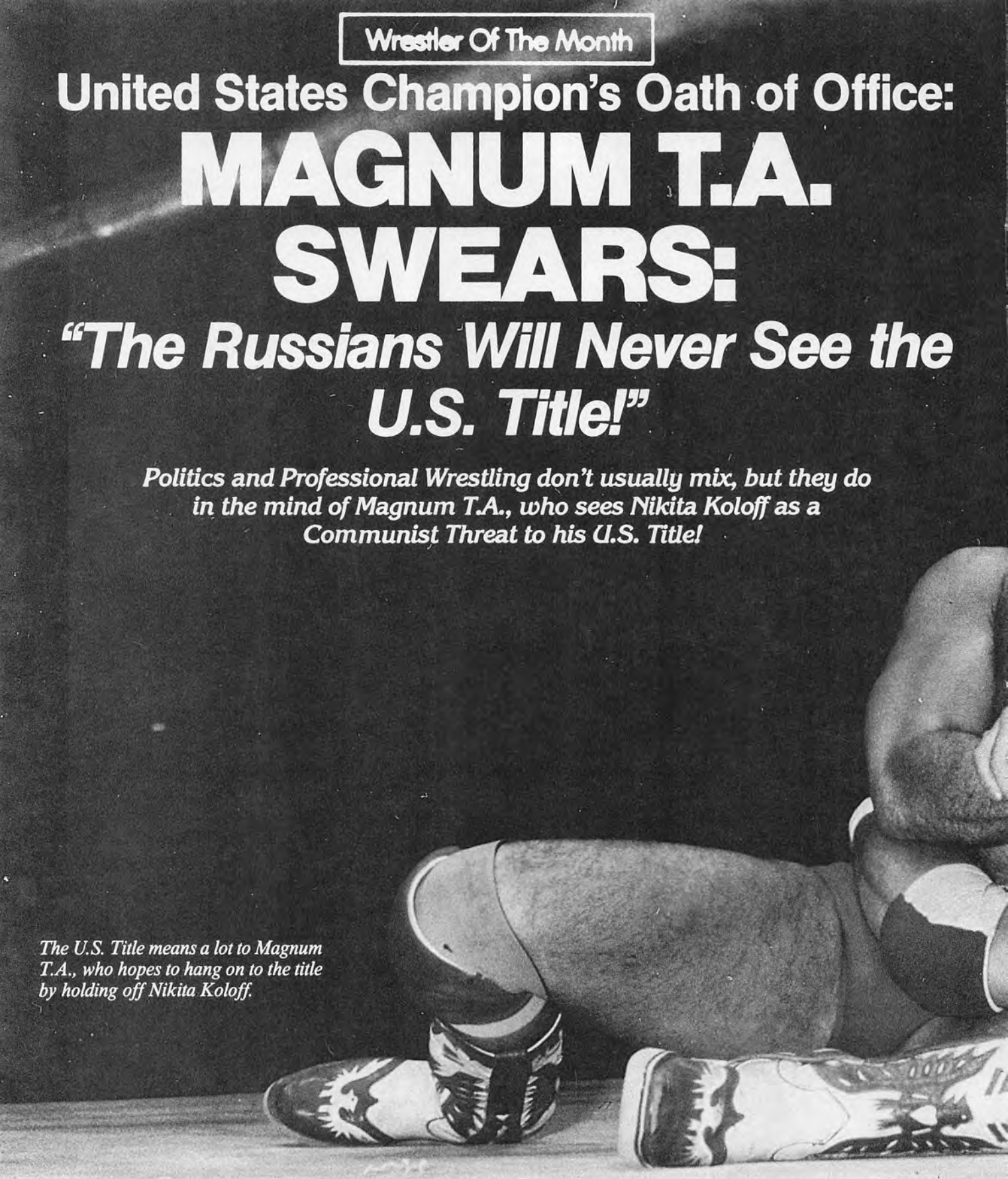
Wrestler Of The Month

United States Champion's Oath of Office:

MAGNUM T.A. SWEARS:

"The Russians Will Never See the U.S. Title!"

Politics and Professional Wrestling don't usually mix, but they do in the mind of Magnum T.A., who sees Nikita Koloff as a Communist Threat to his U.S. Title!



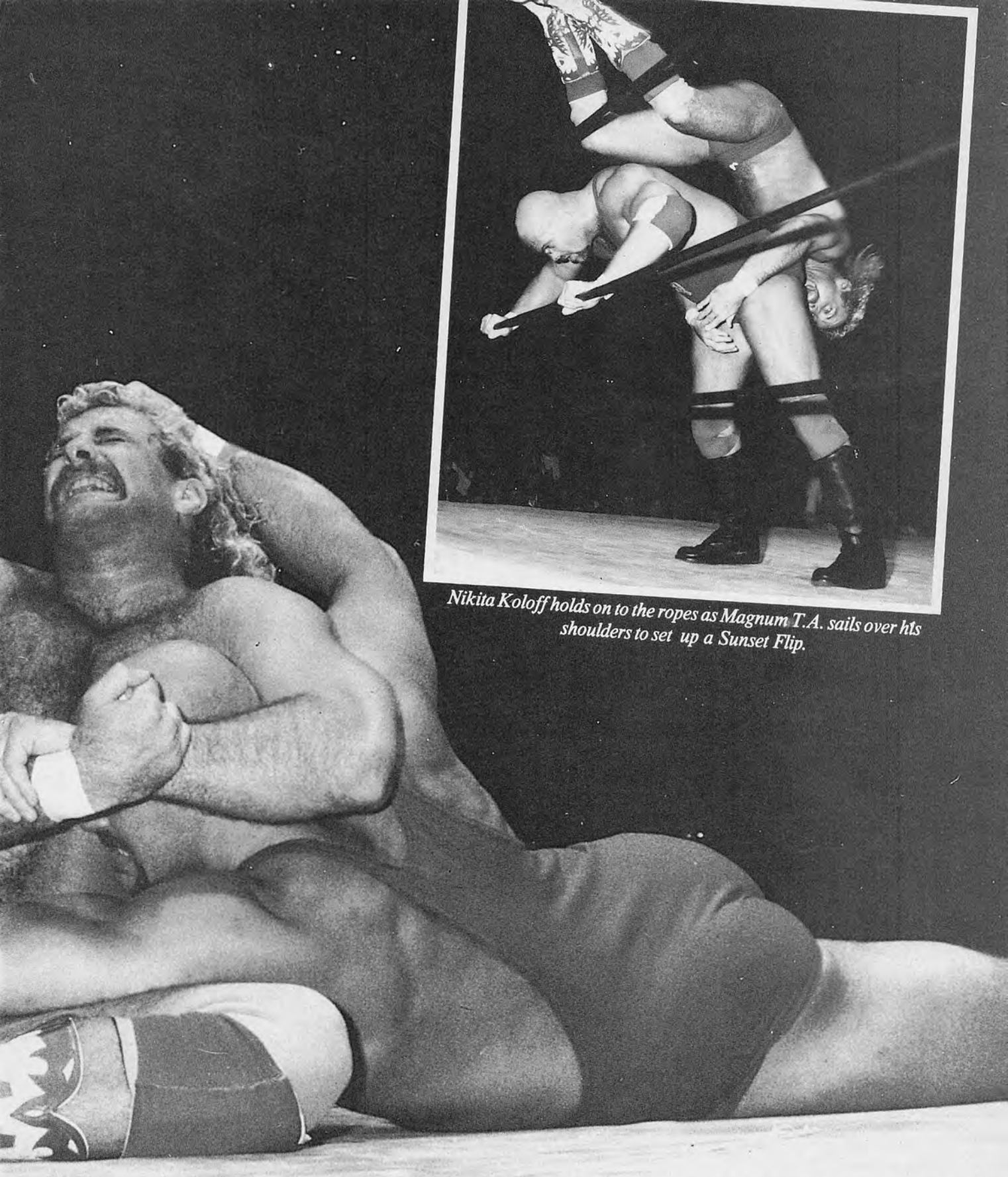
The U.S. Title means a lot to Magnum T.A., who hopes to hang on to the title by holding off Nikita Koloff.

By ART BURNS

Some people are born with responsibility, others earn it, and then there are those who have responsibility thrust upon them. Magnum T.A. fits into all three of these categories.

First and foremost, Terry Allen is an American and a damn good one, and being a good American is nothing to take lightly. It is an obligation that comes with the territory. Being a citizen of these United States is a privilege that's not to be taken for granted.

Magnum T.A. is a man with an obligation larger than himself, larger than Dusty Rhodes, and larger than



Nikita Koloff holds on to the ropes as Magnum T.A. sails over his shoulders to set up a Sunset Flip.

the sport of Professional Wrestling. As an American citizen, it is his duty to uphold the ideologies of freedom and democracy, and as the United States Champion it his his duty to defend that title with honor, and perform with only exemplary sportsmanship.

So much for the responsibilities of being an American and the responsibilities of being the United States Champion, responsibilities that Magnum was first born with and then achieved. But now there is a new responsibility, one thrust upon Magnum and threatening everything he has worked so hard for. Its name is Nikita Koloff.

"You cannot underestimate the

Photos by Cathy Dixson

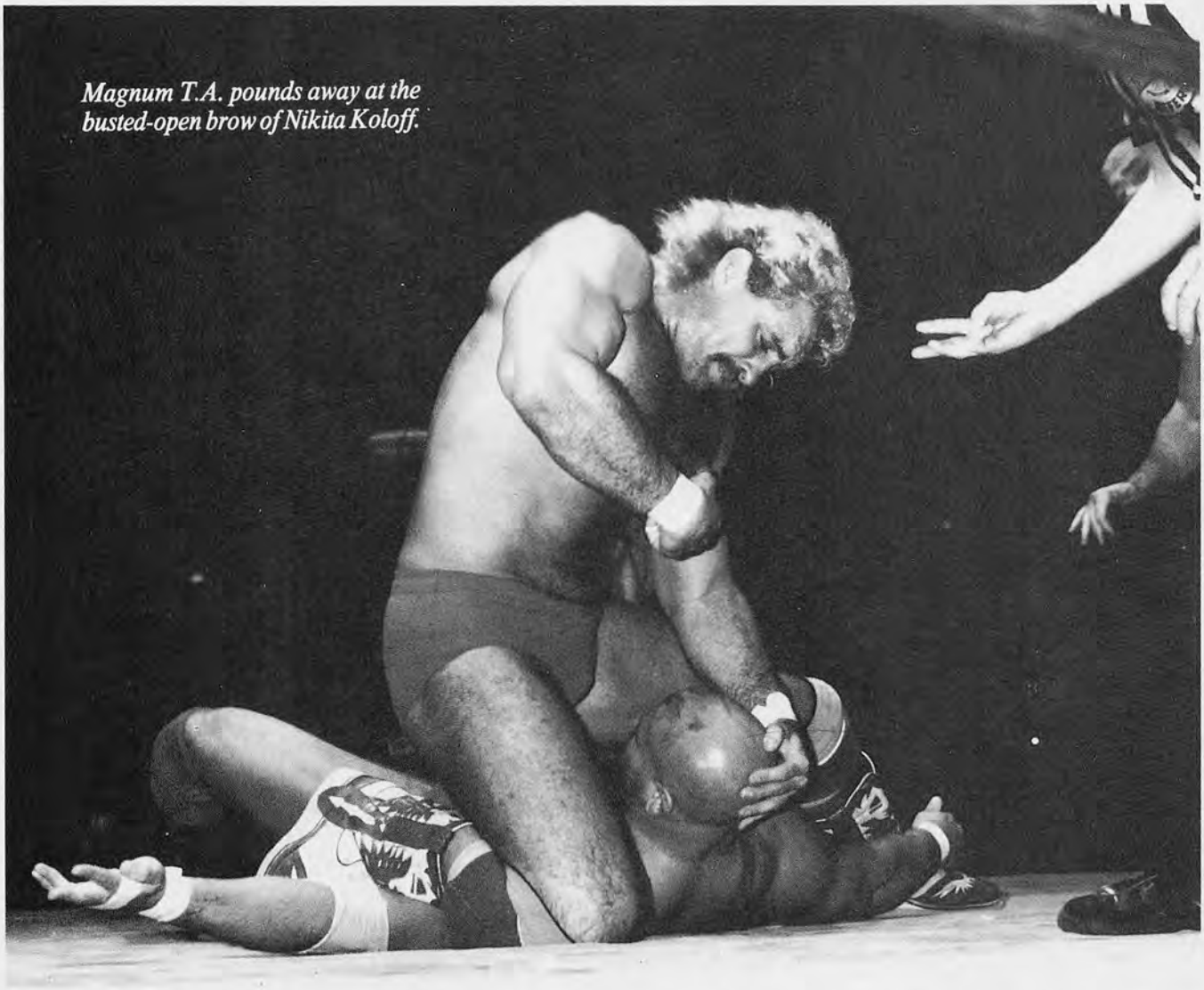
WRESTLING'S

MAIN EVENT

presents

MAGNUM T.A.

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION



Magnum T.A. pounds away at the busted-open brow of Nikita Koloff.

threat of the Koloffs, nor can you simply write off their ties to The Kremlin," Congressman Bob Freene, representing one of the smaller districts in North Carolina, told me over a couple of Mint Juleps. We were sitting in a booth at Domino's Tavern, one of the finest steak houses in the Carolinas, waiting to be joined by Magnum T.A. "Ivan is from the old school of Soviet politics, and he is one of the few hard liners from the last generation still in power. A lot of that's got to do with Nikita.

"Nikita is the new breed of Soviet might in the wrestling ring. He isn't the technician that Ivan is, he's just a mothercranking war head, armed to the teeth and aimed by the Politburo at our friend, the U.S. Champion.

"You have to understand the Soviet way of thinking. To them, Dusty Rhodes is the *old* American Dream. They consider that a fact of life. They can't really gain anything by concentrating on Dusty—he's from the same generation as Ivan. They would prefer to move on, with Nikita and the man they consider their greatest threat; the latest version of the Dream, Magnum T.A. He's young, an excellent wrestler, and he's the United States Champion. I don't have to tell you why it's so important for them to get their hands on the belt, but rest assured that if they did we'd never see it again. They'd hang it over Gorbachev's mantle, get drunk on potato vodka, and have a good laugh at out expense."

MAGNUM T.A.: "I can't let my country down, no way."

The Congressman tipped back his drink and looked at his watch. "Magnum's usually pretty punctual," he said, "he must have gotten tied up."

He flagged down the pair of legs in a cocktail waitress outfit and ordered another round. "You know one of my colleagues told me that an influential promoter is a KGB mole—can you believe that? These damn commies have infiltrated the grass roots of the sport. It makes me sick."

Smelling a scoop like a whiff of Channel No. 5, I pressed the Congressman to drop the name.

"I honestly don't know," he confessed, "otherwise, I would have the Ways and Means Committee on the case kickin' some pinko tail. No one in

the Crockett organization, though, I can assure you of that."

I shuddered at the thought of the World Championship area being invaded by Soviet agents and took a slug of my drink. Looking up, I saw Magnum T.A. storm into the restaurant. He didn't look too happy, not at all.

"DAMN IT!!" He didn't sound too happy either. "You know what just happened? I still can't believe it. Some (expletive deleted) commie just tried to bribe me—the scum sucker offered me all sorts of things, women, money, to take a dive against Nikita Koloff."

Congressman Freene beckoned T.A. to sit down and have a drink. "OK," he said. "Now tell me exactly what happened." Maybe I could get my scoop afterall.

"I was just coming out of the gym, you know, coming to meet you, and this guy in a trench coat comes up to me, like I said, he tried to make me an offer."

"Are you sure he was working for the Russians?"

"Of course I'm sure ... I could barely understand a word he said!!"

Heads were looking up from their steaks and the hub-bub of conversation ceased. As the crowd realized what Magnum was talking about they perked their ears, deeply concerned and shocked by the sleazoid tactics of the Soviet underground.

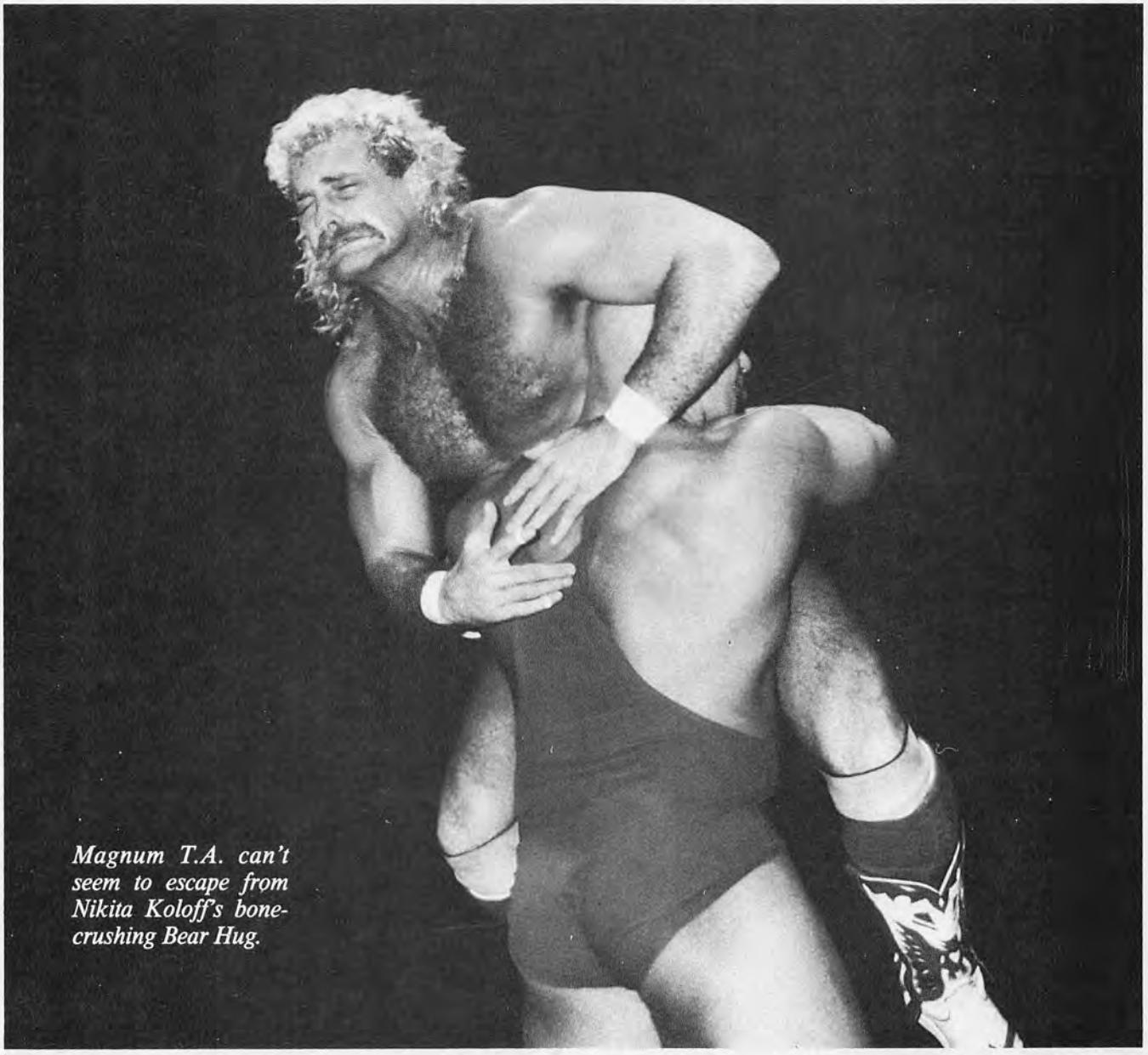
Magnum looked at the crowd and stood up. The restaurant was silent.

"I swear to you, Moscow will never see the United States Heavyweight Championship. Never!"

There was a burst of spontaneous applause and Magnum sat down again. "I can't let my country down, no way." His eyes were steely cold and deadly serious. "I'm going back to the gym," he said, "before I kill somebody."

We watched him storm out of the restaurant as heated as we had ever seen him. Here is a man who clearly takes his responsibilities very, very seriously. As more and more challenges to his United States Heavyweight Title are thrust upon him, he is only more determined to uphold the honor of America.

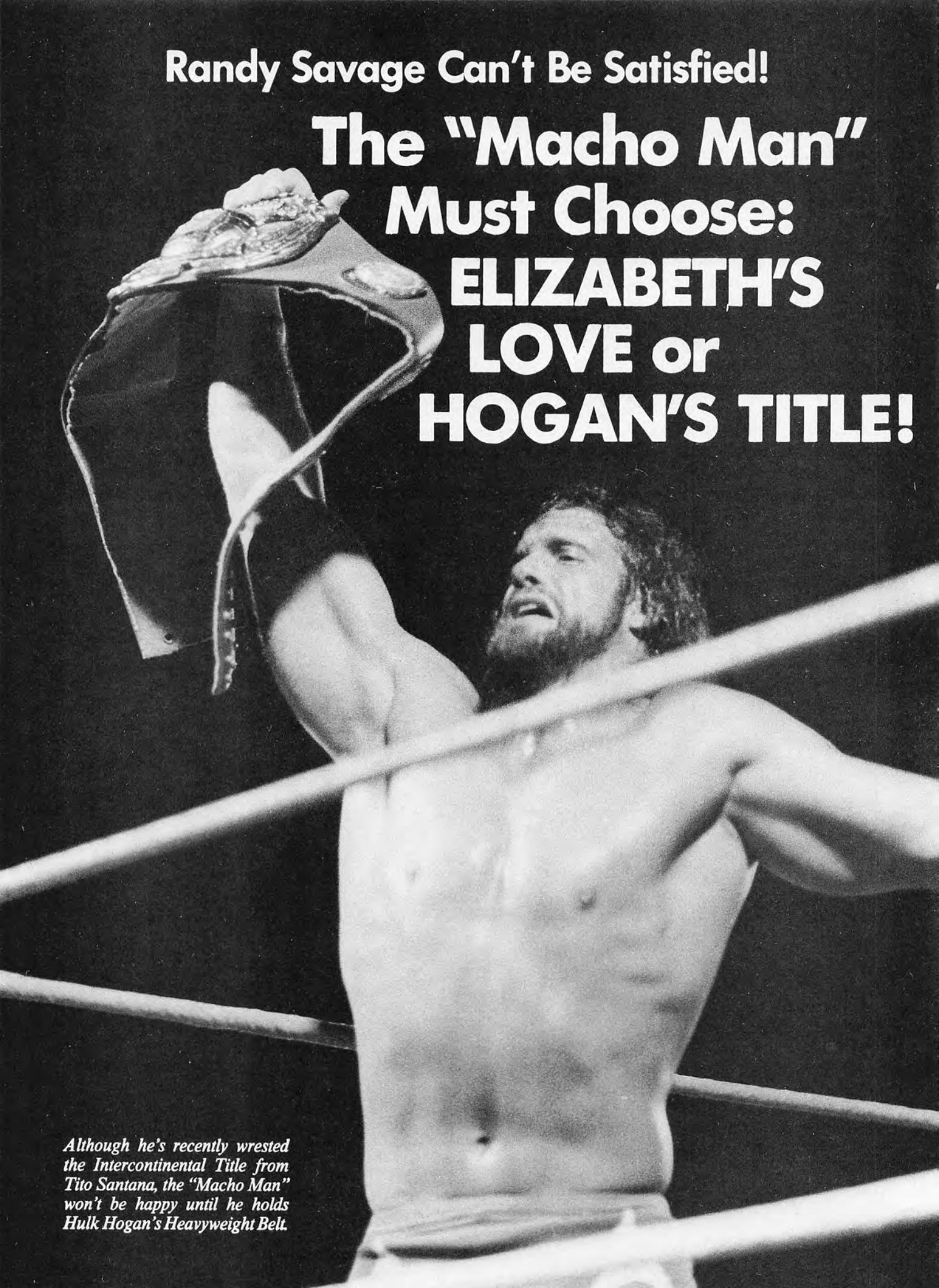
Congressman Freene waved the waitress over and ordered up some steaks. "We want 'em nice and red," he told the girl. "Blood red." ■



Magnum T.A. can't seem to escape from Nikita Koloff's bone-crushing Bear Hug.

Randy Savage Can't Be Satisfied!

The "Macho Man" Must Choose: ELIZABETH'S LOVE or HOGAN'S TITLE!



Although he's recently wrested the Intercontinental Title from Tito Santana, the "Macho Man" won't be happy until he holds Hulk Hogan's Heavyweight Belt.

Even after snuffing Tito Santana for the Intercontinental Title, Randy Savage is still pursuing Hulk Hogan's Heavyweight Belt—but is the "Macho Man" willing to sacrifice Elizabeth for his own selfish quest?

The adorable Elizabeth attends to Randy Savage's sequinned robe, but how much longer will she tolerate the abuse she suffers at the hands of the "Macho Man."

By MIKE EDISON

Randy Savage didn't even wait for the closing chords of "Pomp and Circumstance" before he Pearl Harbored Champion Hulk Hogan with a crunching knee to the back. He didn't even bother to take his sunglasses off before he clobbered the stunned behemoth with a series of forearms and then he climbed to the top rope to deliver his most devastating elbow smash.

But you don't pin The Champ like that. That's why he's The Champ, afterall. More cunning then a sneak attack is needed, more savvy then an elbow off the top rope. Hogan came back to pound Savage, busting the challenger's head wide open on the steel ring post and crushing him with his big leg drop but still unable to score the pinfall. The two men spilled out of the ring, fighting like dogs.

Randy Savage defeated The Hulkster that night, a thin victory garnered as the bloodied "Macho Man" made it back into the ring at the count of ten.

The walk back to the dressing room was a slow one, with Savage staggering and reeling from the beating he had just received. His lovely manager and valet Elizabeth tried to help him along, careful not to get any of the very macho crimson on her spangled and sexy gown, but Savage, it seemed, wanted no part of her. He shoved her away as she tried to assist him, and it looked like her gown was going to the dry cleaners anyway.

In the dressing room Elizabeth tried once again to help her man by wiping the blood from his brow, and once again the "Macho Man" played the part and shoved her away. "Beat it!" he hollered as he headed for the shower. Shaken but apparently not disturbed, Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders, picked up a Harlequin romance novel, opened it halfway and began to read. She smiled pleasantly at the gaggle of reporters.

*****

I remember when the "Macho Man" first came to the World Wrestling Federation. Why, I remember that press conference like it was just yesterday. I can still taste the pastrami—the kind you can only get in Brooklyn—and the hangover from all that free booze still lingers in my frontal lobes. Indeed, six months later I still have premium cigars left, pilferred from the WWF stockpile of hospitality.

All the hoopla finally climaxed when Mr. Savage chose not one of the established managerial forces in the WWF, but an unknown, the lovely Miss Elizabeth. "HMMMFFF!!!!" Freddie Blassie bellowed. "What do women know about Professional Wrestling—HUH???!!!"

Well, since then the buxom Elizabeth, a merciless angel at the bargaining table, has negotiated a plethora of title shots for her charge and guided the

Photos by Jeremy Tepper, Cathy Dixson, and Al Rivera

The "Macho Man" has hired a police escort service to protect Elizabeth from George "The Animal" Steele's advances.

"Macho Man" to the Intercontinental Title, after he cold-cocked Tito Santana with a foreign object in the Boston Garden.

But his matches with The Hulkster have not been so fruitful. Nay—he has yet to wrest that belt, THE belt in the World Wrestling Federation, from the tan champion. Savage he is not pleased, not at all, despite a level of success that any wrestler would envy, the "Macho Man" is more frustrated than ever and it's Elizabeth who is bearing the brunt of it.

Randy Savage's monomaniacal lust for Hogan's gold is no secret. Since he made his debut in the World Wrestling Federation all of his actions have been the means to one end, namely the Heavyweight Title. The Intercontinental Belt makes a nice feather in his cap, but it is no more than that, and even the automatic contention for The Hulkster's belt that comes with the WWF's secondary title is meaningless to a man who has already wrestled Hogan for three consecutive months in Madison Square Garden. Three consecutive months and no heavyweight belt for the "Macho Man."

Randy Savage is not the Kind of man of take his failure lightly, but surely he has no one to blame but himself. It's not easy for the "Macho Man" to sit down and say to himself, "Randy, I guess you're just not as good a wrestler as Hogan." No way. It's much easier to project the anxieties, the frustrations of unrealized dreams and the hollow, penetrating void of opportunities gone awry, on a convenient scape goat. And there she is, right there on his arm. He didn't have to look far.

No one in the wrestling world is amused at the way Savage treats his lovely Elizabeth. Macho yes, if you think it's macho to push women around, but he's certainly no gentleman. The same people who were predicting Savage to take Hogan's belt, the people who heralded him as the rulebreaking messiah and gave thanks on the day he came to dethrone the king, are now nodding their heads and saying "no, no."

The way I see it you gotta be crazy to push around a woman as lovely as Elizabeth, but then again you have to be at least a little bit crazy if you're going to be a serious threat to the reigning champ. Still, that's no excuse for Savage's behavior. He's running the risk of losing his most valuable and sultry asset, the woman who's guided him through the WWF murk and landed him on the doorstep of greatness. If he doesn't keep his temper in check, the "Macho Man" will be looking for a new date.

Championship Belts don't come cheap, but neither do women like Elizabeth. It would be easy enough if Savage could just trade his manager for the title, and surely Hulk Hogan wouldn't have to think long and hard about any such offer. Elizabeth is more precious than any belt, especially the piece of gilded tin Hogan wears. Without a doubt, Savage would be kissing Liz goodbye and strapping the ol' gold around his waist if the opportunity arose.

But that's not going to happen. Despite the way he treats her, Savage is bonded to Elizabeth—he won't let her go very far, he needs her and he knows it better than anyone. If he is ever going to cop the Hulkster's strap, it's going to be with the help of Elizabeth.

No matter how bonded they are, however, no matter how dedicated they are to each other's souls, Savage had still better learn how to harness his frustrations. Liz doesn't deserve to be treated this way, and who knows just how much she'll put up with before she splits.

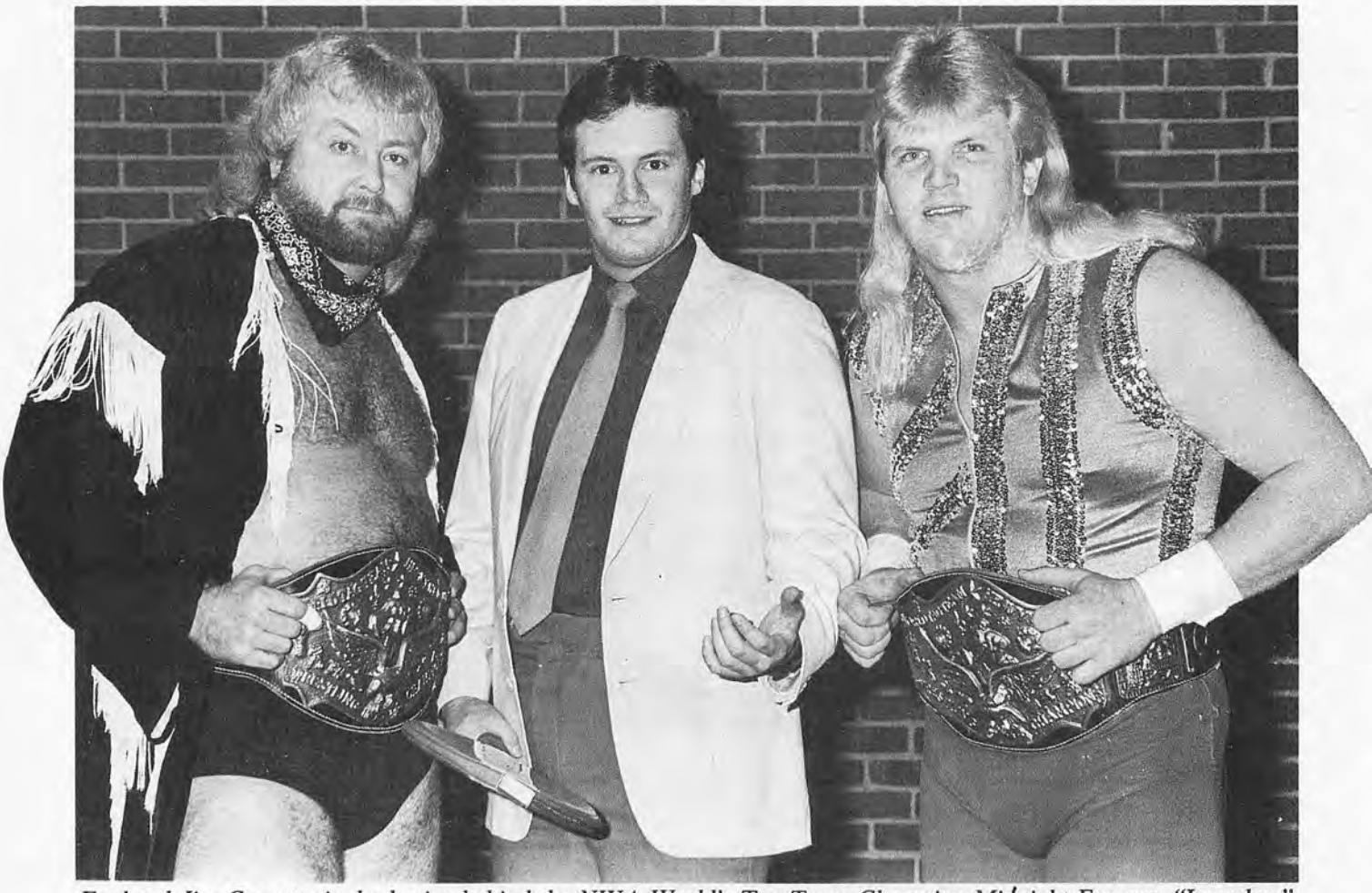
If Elizabeth does split, the "Macho Man" is going to be a lonely man. Savage needs her in his corner if he wants the belt around his waist—he can't even negotiate his own contracts. No one can understand what he says.

It's time for the "Macho Man" to reconsider his pose, to reaccess his priorities and put things into perspective. But Savage better do it soon, unless he wants Mel Phillips to handle his robe and King Kong Bundy to wear his belt. ■

Meddling manager Jim Cornette likes to refer to the Midnight Express as a "thinking man's tag-team," and has used his Ivy League education to steer them towards the NWA World's Title!

The Evil Genius of JIM CORNETTE

Masterminding the Midnight Express!



Egghead Jim Cornette is the brains behind the NWA World's Tag-Team Champion Midnight Express, "Loverboy" Dennis Condrey (left) and "Beautiful" Bobby Eaton (right).

Photos by Cathy Dixon

By TED PIPE

Jim Cornette has worked hard to hone the Midnight Express into not only the NWA World's Tag-Team Champions but into what he calls a "thinking man's tag team." To him they epitomize the zenith of tag-team wrestling, and as Tag-Team Champions of the world they certainly have a fair claim to that lofty status.

Even without the title the Midnight Express would still be on top of the heap. Guided by Jim Cornette's evil genius, they have become an awe-inspiring combination, perhaps the best the sport has to offer.

The Express can do anything. Suplexes, Neckbreakers, Saltos, terrific tag combinations—anything. And they do. The Midnight Express does not rely on one finishing maneuver, they know at least two dozen and they use them all. This makes it not only harder for their opponents to anticipate the crushing blow, but it makes for more exciting wrestling, more aesthetically pleasing wrestling. And in a world where too few men even know

Bobby Eaton manhandles Ricky Morton by the hair on his head (left), and then joins Dennis Condrey in double-teaming the rock-n-roller from outside the ring (right).

how to properly execute a Corkscrew Neckbreaker, these men are doing them everyday.

Jim Cornette is not only a shrewd manager and ace businessman, he is an aesthete. "Comes with class and breeding," he says, "and all of the Ivy League education my mother's money can buy." He displays a sick grin, perhaps one of the most offensive, cocksure grins in the sport. "Beautiful Bobby Eaton and Loverboy Dennis Condrey are not only the World's Tag-Team Champions, they are the greatest tag-team of all time—just look at these men. These aren't some dumb kids. When the Midnight Express get in the ring they aren't thinking about rock 'n' roll or their country, no way, they're thinking about wrestling, and let me tell you they are thinking of a brand of wrestling that no one else in the world can even comprehend.

"That's right. You won't see no 20 minute Armlocks when you're watching the World's Tag-Team Champions, just like you know you won't see any Neckbreakers when you're watching those fairies the Rock 'n' Roll Express."

While the Rock 'n' Rollers are providing stiff competition for Cornette's team, they just don't offer any of the advanced post-scientific stuff that Cornette is talking about.

"Look at this," Cornette continues, "just take a look." He produces a small notebook and opens to a page filled with obscure markings. "My plans for a new move—the Vertical Neckbreaker. I'll probably win a Nobel Prize for this one!" He makes a big grin.

The page was covered in pen marks, small dots, numbers, and twisting lines—swirls of neckbreaking destruction.

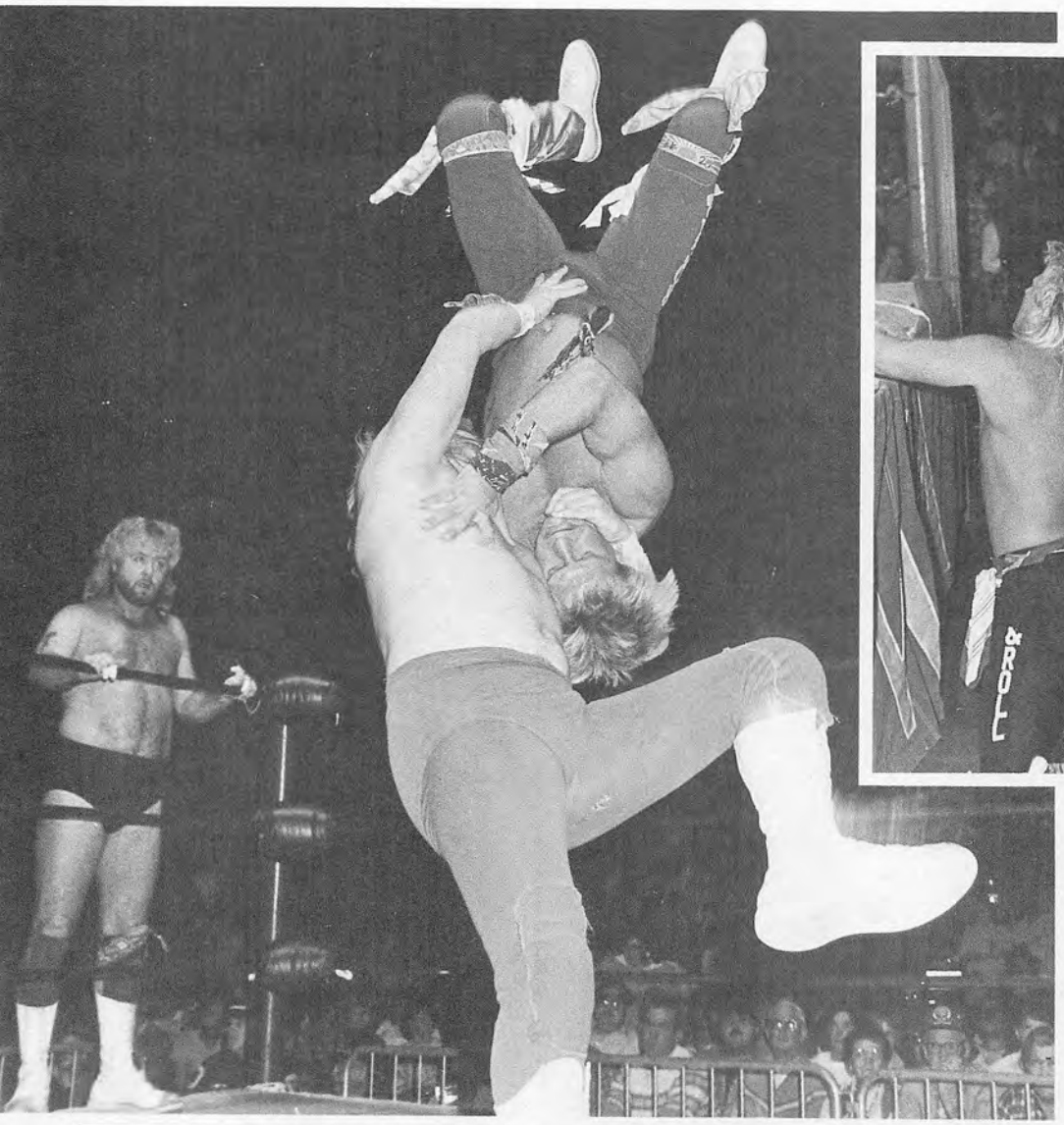
"See, it's like a combination of a Vertical Suplex and a Corkscrew Neckbreaker. . ." He pretends to Suplex someone over his head, and as his imaginary opponent is straight in the air, he twists around, much like the revered Neckbreaker. "It will be the most devastating maneuver in the history of the sport—can you imagine? I still have to work some bugs out of it, but it'll be ready by summer time. By fall there won't be any necks left to break."

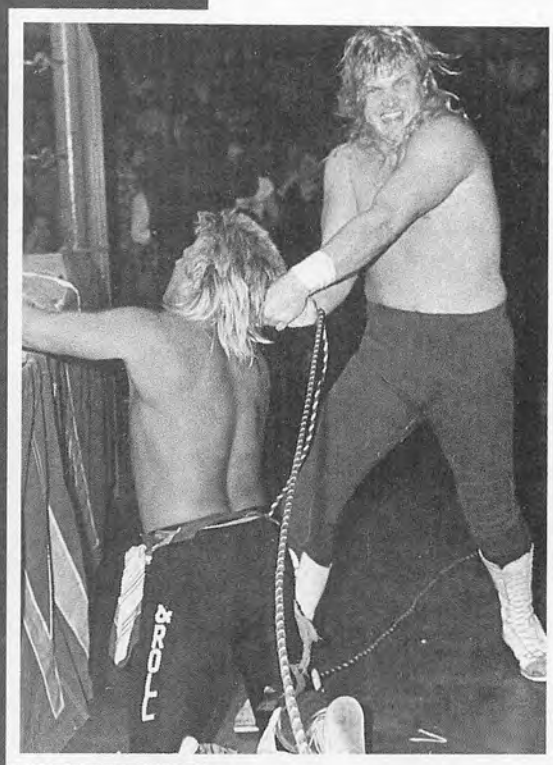
Incredible. The Vertical Neckbreaker. Only a madman would think of something so insidious, so positively lethal. But then again they called Clarence Birdseye a madman for trying to sell frozen food. Everybody does it now, but I shudder to think of a world where everyone is versed in advanced neckbreaking destruction. *1984* would look like a romp through the Magic Kingdom.

"These people, they just don't understand," Cornette says. "Look—you're in a Side Headlock, what do you do. Okay, so you wanna get out of it. A sissy, if he was strong enough, would turn it into an Atomic Drop, but not my men. A Suplex is always the way to go—a broken neck is worth a helluva lot more than a sore tail-bone. And another thing, it's amazing how many people don't even realize this, never apply a headlock unless the guy is in *front of you.* Not unless you want the Midnight Express to Suplex your neck into dust."

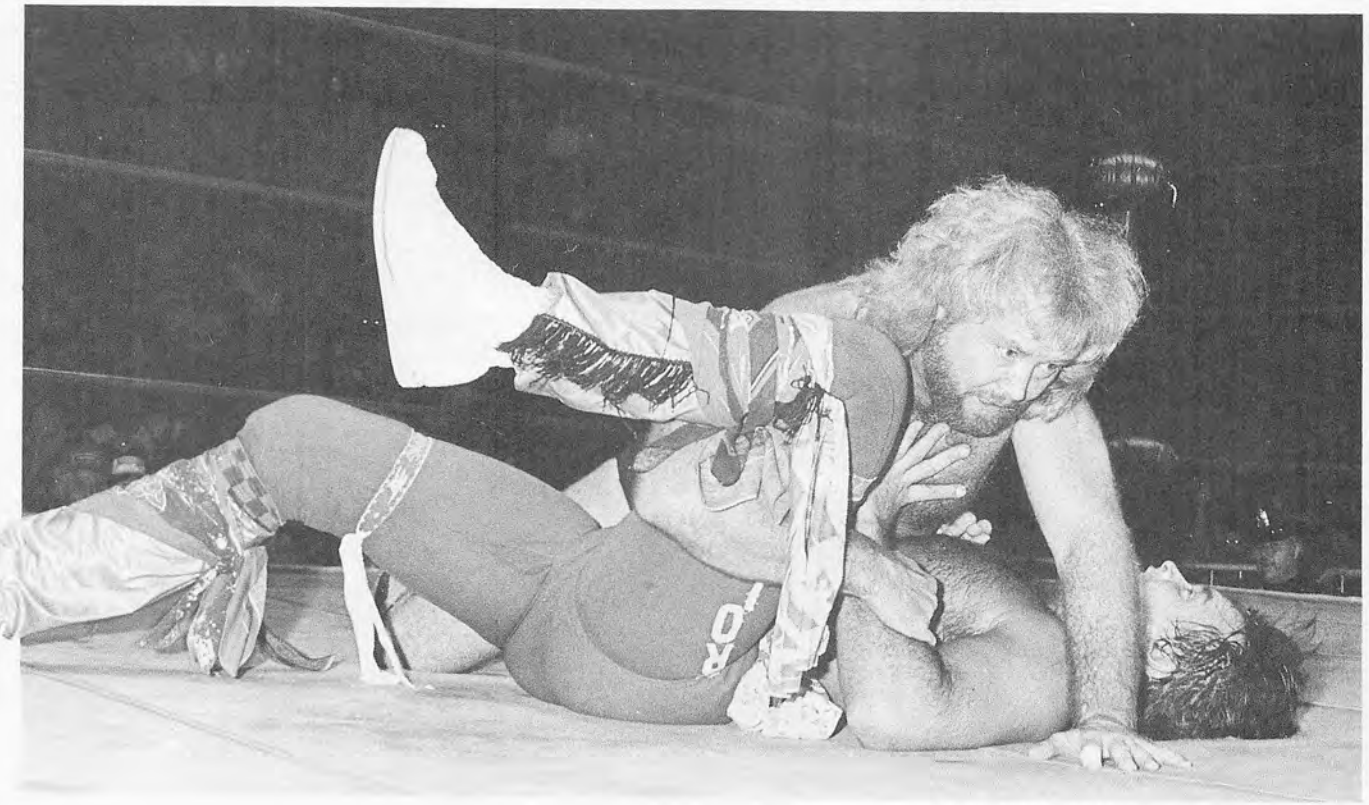
He's right, of course, this has to be one of the basic "don'ts" of Pro Wres-

Jim Cornette has instructed his tag-team in wrestling's most crippling combinations, such as this awesome Powerslam to set up a pinfall.





Bobby Eaton can either be stunningly scientific, as in this classic Suplex (left), or downright dirty (above). Dennis Condrey wisely hooks Robert Gibson's leg to insure a three-count and the Tag-Team Title (below).



tling, yet it's amazing how many talented and successful wrestlers still apply Side Headlocks only to get dropped on someone's knee, or on their necks if it's the Midnight Express they're tangling with.

Jim Cornette speaks of wrestling with honest and sincere enthusiasm. Forget about his snotty, stuck-up attitude. Jim Cornette is for real. It's obvious that he loves the sport and all of its hopelessly sophisticated nuances. Often he speaks of high philosophy, Neitzche and Machiavelli, in terms of wrestling. The man's genius is very, very dark.

The Midnight Express are not just another rulebreaking tag-team, they are the World's Tag-Team Champions for one, and maybe even more importantly, they are the vehicle for Cornette's neckbreaking aesthetics. Whereas some managers are happy enough to sign on the dotted line and let their man wrestle like slobs, Cornette is making a positive contribution, not only to his team, but to posterity. The Midnight Express is the "State of the Art" of Professional Wrestling, and God only knows what will happen when they perfect the Vertical Neckbreaker. The sport may never be the same. ■

ROCK-N-ROLL WILL NEVER DIE!

Why the Express Expect to Be Back on Top Soon!

"Just take James Brown for example," began Ricky Morton of the recently dethroned NWA Tag Champions the Rock-n-Roll Express. "The guy's just incredible. He's been rockin' for thirty some odd years and still cranks out hit records. His appeal is timeless."

We were talking about the newly established Rock-n-Roll Hall of Fame, and Ricky and his partner Robert Gibson were discussing the music they love most. Undoubtedly, when they clear a space for the rock-n-wrestlers the Express will be assured their rightful place.

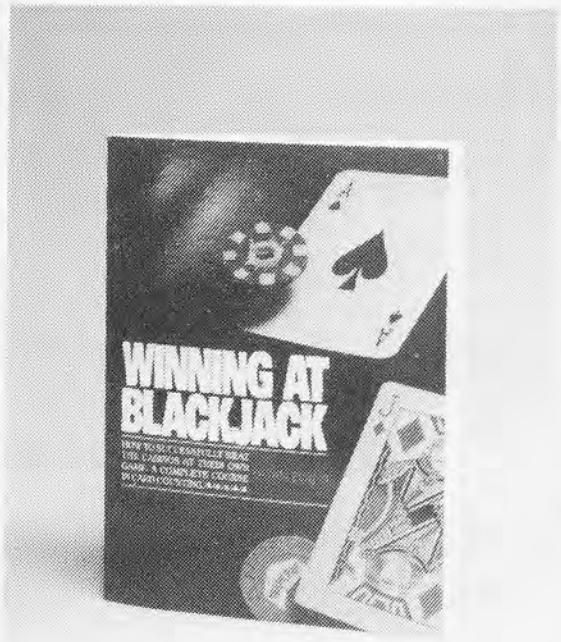
"When rock-n-roll first came out people said it would never last," lectured Professor Gibson. "When Danny and the Juniors sang 'Rock-n-Roll is Here to Stay' the critics laughed. They said it was a passing fad and would never survive.

"Well, it was the same when the Rock-n-Roll Express came to the NWA. Nobody thought we could overthrow the Koloffs for the title, but we did . . . *twice."* Robert and Ricky shared a proud grin, then their expressions soured. "But our greatest challenge still lies ahead of us," they consented.

Robert Gibson and Rickey Morton of the Rock-n-Roll Express would love to regain the NWA Tag Title for the third time.

Can the Rock-n-Roll Express reclaim their title and become three-time NWA World's Tag-Team Champions? They'd like to think so. Even though they've already been beaten and bruised by Jim Cornette's Midnight Express their hopes are still alive. As the song went way back when, it still holds true today, "Rock-n-Roll will never die!"

■ **JEREMY TEPPER**



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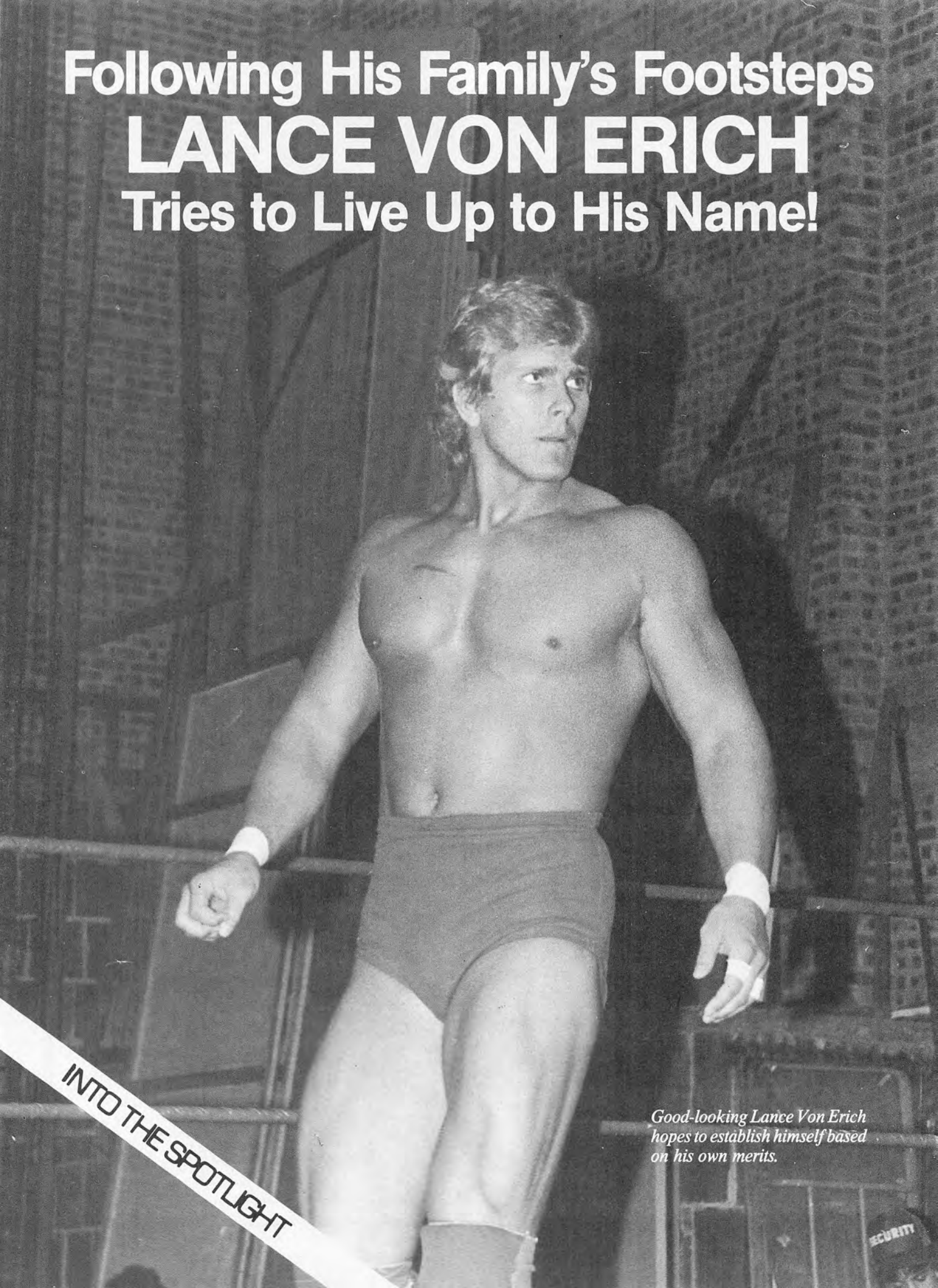
Following His Family's Footsteps

LANCE VON ERICH

Tries to Live Up to His Name!



INTO THE SPOTLIGHT

Good-looking Lance Von Erich hopes to establish himself based on his own merits.

All the World Class area needs is another Von Erich, right? Well newcomer Lance, for one, is out to prove that despite his famous family he can make a name for himself in Texas!

By MATTHEW BARTON

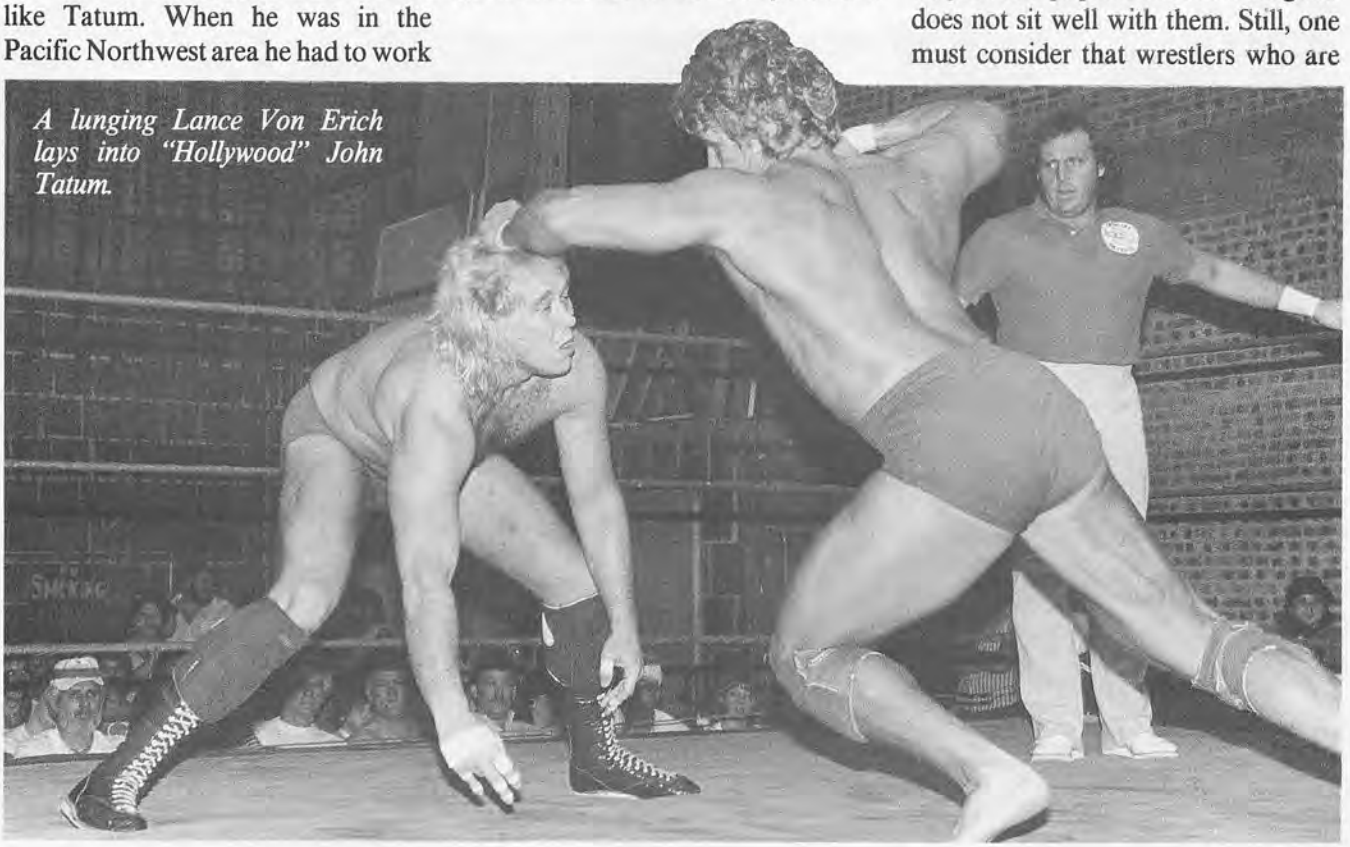
Lance Von Erich's last name certainly hasn't hurt his career. With his impressive physique and wholesome good looks, wrestling great Waldo Von Erich's son is dashing up the trail already blazed in the World Clas area by his cousins David, Kerry, Kevin, and Mike Von Erich. His ride to the top has been even faster than theirs, and even now he may be on the verge of supplanting Kerry as the area's number one sex symbol. Though he lacks the innumerable titles held by his grappling kin, he is already a ranked contender and a top box office draw.

"They love him all right," a somewhat cynical observer conceded to me as Lance waved to the crowd following a strong victory over John Tatum. "But that's the reason we'll never know how good he is. People say that he's just being used to take the heat off his cousins, but that doesn't wash. If you think about it, he's got it made down here, beating up on rulebreakers like Tatum. When he was in the Pacific Northwest area he had to work for everything he got. But around here having the Von Erich name is like having a license to print money, and Lance is already turning into just another pretty boy."

Exaggerated as his opinions were, the scene in the ring lent his comments some credibility. As Lance waved to the fans, Tatum's valet Missy crept into the ring to assist her fallen master. Suddenly hearing the cheers turn to boos, Von Erich looked distraught. Quickly realizing that he was not the object of derision, Lance struck a menacing wrestling stance and advanced toward Missy and the vanquished Tatum, who quickly fled the ring. "Looks tough up there, huh? Sheesh, even I could lick Tatum in the state he's in now. What a showboat." My friend sneered. "Listen to 'em yell for Lance though. I tell you, the guy has got it made." The cheers for Lance grew louder and so did the cynic's criticism of him. Finally he yelled up to the ring, "Sure beats working huh, Von Erich?!?" Fearing the wrath of such loud and loyal fans, I quickly made my way out of the arena.

Obnoxious as this Lone Star lout was, there now seemed to be a few grains of truth in his ravings. Lance's presence in the region has taken pressure off the other Von Erich's, but they still wrestle the toughest opponents. In his bout with Ric Flair, Lance was dispatched with relative ease by the NWA Champ, who has had more trouble with the seasoned Kerry in the past. But Lance is young, and even though his sudden popularity is said to have ruffled a few feathers in the Von Erich nest, it is generally believed that even he feels he has a way to go before he wrestles at their level.

But will Lance Von Erich retain the drive that has gotten him this far? Doubts linger, but World Class fans adore him and the suggestion that he may be too popular for his own good does not sit well with them. Still, one must consider that wrestlers who are



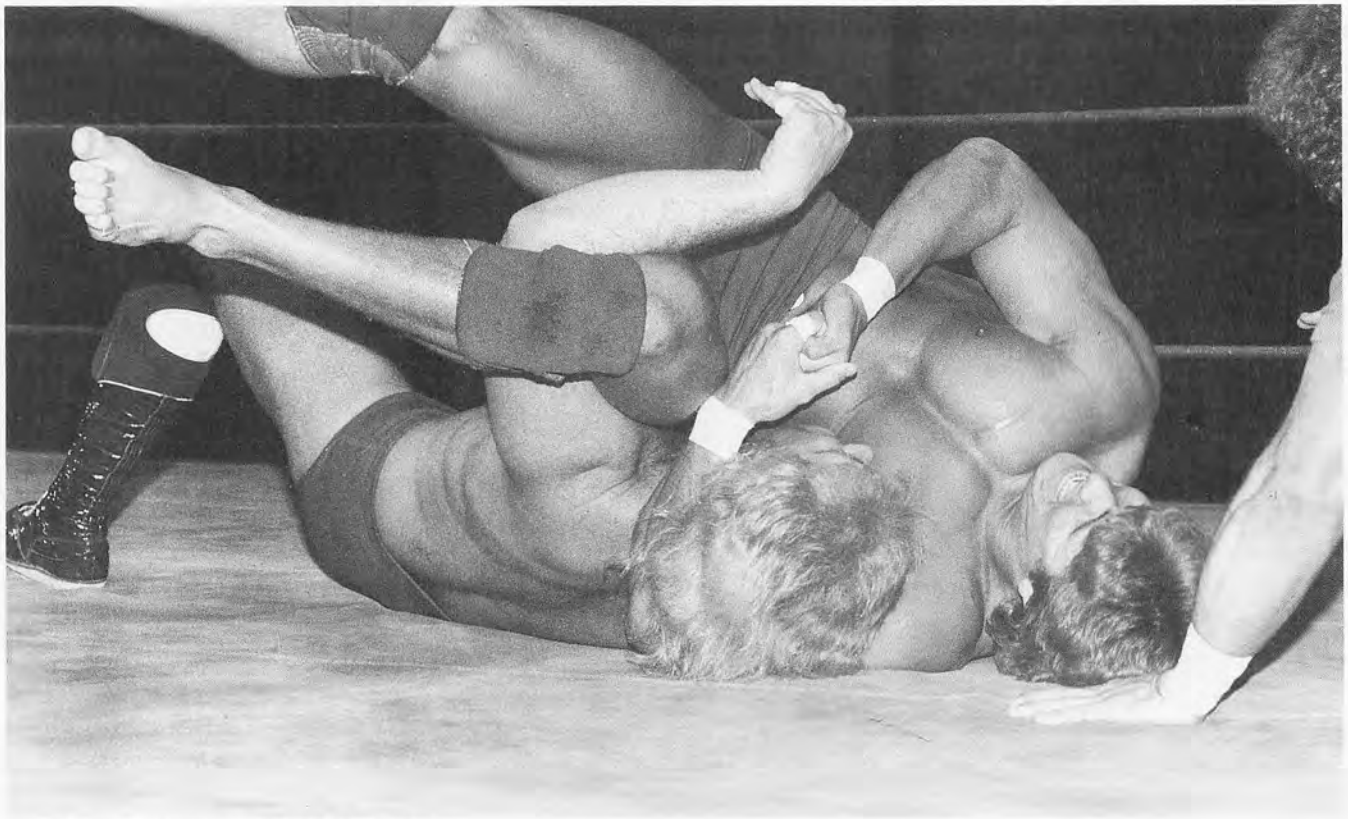
A lunging Lance Von Erich lays into "Hollywood" John Tatum.

Photos by Jimmy Papa

Lance Von Erich has a Side Headlock on John Tatum (above), who skillfully rolls him over on his shoulders (below).

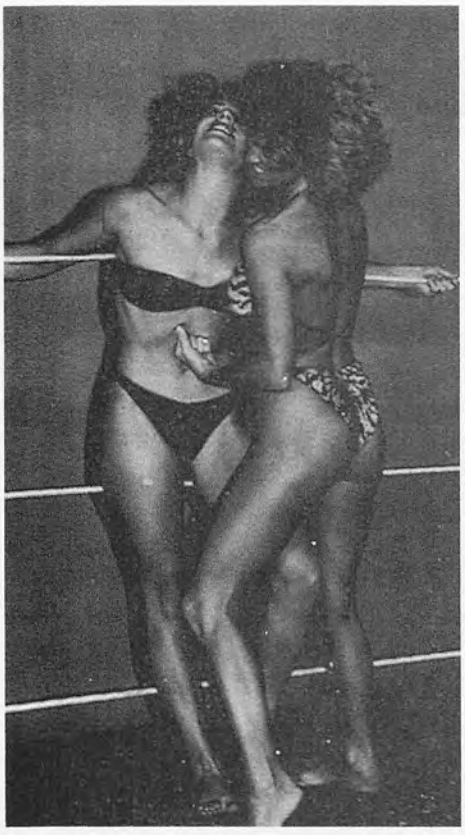
well loved often lose the edge and inner fire that separates even an unpopular champion from a favorite contender. Furthermore, for all his ring bravado, Lance Von Erich is rumored to be an intensely insecure young man. In the pacific-Northwest region Lance even went by the name "Ricky Vaughan," claiming to have done so because he wanted to be judged on his own merits, and not as a member of one of wrestling's most fabled clans. But even in that rainswept northern climate, blood proved thicker than water, and Von Erich has returned to Texas, his identity crisis apparently over.

For now though, Lance Von Erich seems in no danger of having his career collapse under the weight of his family legacy or his fans-first ring philosophy. His cousins still have their hands full with worthy challengers, and the "Lance Factor" has not hurt their appeal or drawing powers. Fritz's sons had the area pretty well sewn up before Lance's emergence, and Pro Wrestling's opinion makers place them near the top of their field, an honor they have yet to confer on Waldo Von Erich's man-child. However loud the fans may be cheering for him.■



Videos & Photos
Real Matches in Pro Ring

LADY WRESTLING!



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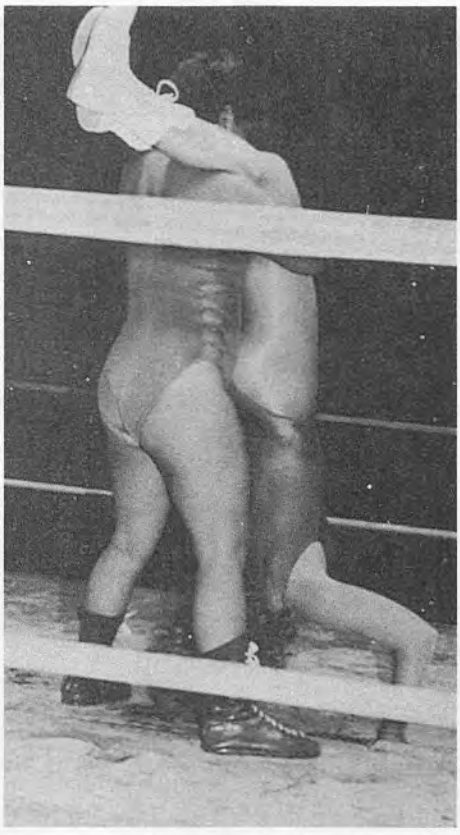
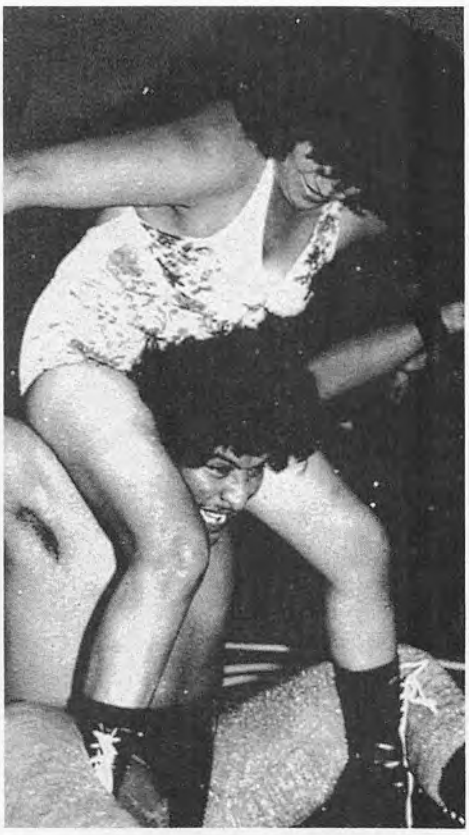


Pro Lady's



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Of all the valets in Professional Wrestling, none are as infatuated with their master as Kevin Sullivan's sultry sidekicks. Here's a look at some of the slavegirls who have fallen under Sullivan's spell!

KEVIN SULLIVAN'S SLAVE GIRLS!

Photos by Bill Otten

Kevin Sullivan is flanked by the Fallen Angel (left) and the Lock (right).

"Fueled by passion and brimstone, Sullivan has lusted and conquered."

Kevin Sullivan's Number One, the Fallen Angel, stands by her man (left).

By MIKE EDISON

The foundation of a slave/master relationship is rooted deeply on the dark side—in the darkness of pain and the sinful pleasures of flesh, in the twisted labyrinths of the Hellfire Club and in the world of Kevin Sullivan. Fueled by passion and brimstone, Sullivan has lusted and conquered. Born of Darkness and coronated on earth, he is the Mojo King.

Perhaps the greatest testament to the powers of darkness and the hoodoo-voodoo in Kevin's loins is Sullivan's Number One, the hauntingly beautiful Fallen Angel. This menacing vixen came as a gift from Sullivan's Buddha Dhien and has remained his greatest asset. Together they walk the left hand path, Sullivan beating his Angel the whole way. That's part of the trip, and don't think that the Fallen Angel doesn't enjoy every stroke of his whip.

If Florida fans were stunned when Sullivan beat his precious in the middle of the ring, hurting and humiliating her, they were aghast when they realized she was loving it—absorbing the cruelty, the darkness of pain turned into pleasure—and becoming more of a threat with each slap of Sullivan's hand across her pretty face. She seemed to become more menacing as the lust between her and her master grew, and as she became more involved with Kevin's matches his opponents began to feel the heat as well. Together they waged war on Blackjack Mulligan, Angel distracting the popular Texan while Sullivan bloodied him up. It was an effective strategy.

Sullivan has recently won the heart and soul of Butcher Vachon's daughter Angel, who has been renamed "Luna."

Evil was thick in the muggy Florida

air and the entrance of a new woman didn't help. The Lock came onto the scene, vying for Sullivan's attention, yearning for her master's whip. Dedicated to darkness, she was a useful asset in Kevin's feud with Mulligan, but unfortunately the less attractive Lock was a catalyst for the jealousy of Fallen Angel.

Catfights broke out between the two before matches. There was a ripple in the darkness of Sullivan's camp and it was Mulligan who quelled the storm by rescuing the Lock, liberating her from the powers of Satan and sending her home to her parents and back to school with none other than Kendall Windham, Blackjack's son and would be pro-wrestler.

Undaunted, Sullivan continued with the delectable Fallen Angel at his side and under his thumb, a relationship which apparently became her. She is Kevin's most coveted possession—in her hands she holds the evil in the hearts of men.

Following his True Will and with no intention of replacing the Fallen Angel, Sullivan enlisted the younger and savory venom of Angel "Luna" Vachon. Kevin has shown her the darkness, bathed her in pain and held her soul in his teeth. He has tanned her hide and blackened her heart, until she has become a first class female warrior. She is as fresh as a rose just moments after the funeral, thorns thick with the blood of Heaven. She is the new version of the *femme fatale,* perhaps not as sultry and sinuous as Fallen Angel, but deadly in the ring. She made short work of Lady Maxine, a woman nearly two heads taller than herself and a liberal challenge to Sullivan's fetish for domination.

The less attractive Lock used to feud with the Fallen Angel, and is now causing trouble for Sullivan's latest valet "Luna."

"Don't think that the Fallen Angel doesn't enjoy every stroke of his whip."

But now she faces perhaps an even greater challenge against a woman who has seen a shadowy glimmer of the darkness and defected from Sullivan's own legion of doom, the Lock. With the blood of the Windham/Mulligan family behind her she is back in Florida to take care of Luna and help combat the forces of darkness while aiding Barry and Blackjack, macho men of a different variety, respond to the call of chivalry and take umbrage at the misogynistic world of Kevin Sullivan.

Yes, he's a macho man. Hell—he's the Mojo King, a Betal chewing man whose women like to be beaten by him. The little girls may cling to Barry and Kendall, but the angels forsaken of Heaven and the lusty lunatics will flock to the darkness, seduced by the powers of Kevin Sullivan. ■

The Two Sides of "LUNA" VACHON

Sullivan's Latest Female Warrior!

Of the many families involved in Professional Wrestling, one of the most respected and well established is the French-Canadian Vachon clan. Now enjoying it's third decade in the mat-wars, the latest Vachon to don the tights is the Butcher's daughter Angel Vachon—at least that's what she was known as until Kevin Sullivan got a hold of her. Since falling in with Sullivan's demonic disciples, Angel Vachon has shaved half her head, taken to wearing body paint, and is now referred to simply as "Luna," short for Lunatic. WME's contributing editor Bill Otten caught up with Luna in her locker room in Orlando, and conducted the following interview with Florida's #1 wrestling valet.

WME: *You come from quite an impressive family of wrestlers. What is your direct relationship to the other wrestling Vachons?*

LUNA: My father is Butcher Vachon. Vivian Vachon is my aunt, and my uncle is Mad Dog Vachon.

WME: *How long has the Vachon family been in Professional Wrestling?*

LUNA: The Vachon family has been wrestling professionally for over 30 years, and have held many championships over the years.

WME: *Who trained you for a professional career?*

LUNA: My aunt Vivian started me off, then I went to train with the Fabulous Moolah, then I went back to my aunt for some final polishing—but no one has taught me as much as Kevin Sullivan!

WME: *How did you wind up getting involved with Kevin Sullivan of all people?*

LUNA: I used to write a bit for a wrestling magazine in my spare time and I was giving an award to Kendall Windham for "Rookie of the Year"—during the TV awards presentation Kevin Sullivan came out and hit me. I'd never been hit by a man before, but this did something to me. I really felt something inside, and after that I just followed his career and stayed in the background, then I realized I had to be with him and part of the darkness. I started wrestling as Angel to prove to Kevin that I was worthy enought to join him. Then he shaved my hair in half and I became his valet.

"Luna" has her sweet side (above), and her sinister side (top).

WME: *I've noticed that you've also started to wrestle again.*

LUNA: Yes, I just got finished with a series of matches with Despina Montagas and I ran her out of the area. I ran Lady Maxine out when I was Angel, but now she's come back for revenge. She's going to be in big trouble this time though, because whe knows Angel but she knows nothing of Luna.

WME: *You are relatively small at 5'5" and 130 lbs. Do you think you can handle yourself against someone as big as Maxine?*

LUNA: No problem. I work out and train constantly. I have chewed on the Betal Nut and the Cosmic Cookie and I've been strapped of the Tree of Woe—I can handle anything after that.

WME: *What are your goals in Professional Wrestling?*

LUNA: I'll do or be whatever Kevin Sullivan wants me to be. Whenever there is a woman who comes here and needs to be disposed of I will take care of her. I am Kevin's female warrior!

WME: *Don't you get a lot of strange looks from other people when you go out in public looking like you do?*

LUNA: Certainly.

WME: *Doesn't that bother you?*

LUNA: No, my master Kevin Sullivan is pleased with the way I look and that is all that matters. I don't care what anyone else thinks.

WME: *What are . . .*

LUNA: You've taken up enough of my time already, I don't need any more of your questions. Get lost!!!■

Florida's Fan Favorite
JESSE BARR
Still Chasing the Southern Championship!

Nobody ever expected Jesse Barr to make his return to Florida as a fan-favorite, but since he has he's earned the Windham's respect while challenging Lex Lugar for the Southern Championship!

By PUDGE COLEMAN

Brash, brilliant Jesse Barr has known both scorn and adulation in his wrestling career, but even at the height of his unpopularity Florida's more knowledgeable fans begrudgingly acknowledged his superior technique. In those days there was a familiar refrain that was heard whenever Barr's name camp up. "Sure, he's good," it went, "but he's still a lowdown bum."

But now, less than a year since he lost his Championship Belt to B. Brian Blair, all has changed. After leaving the area for an overseas tour, Barr returned to Florida hungrier than ever for a title. A showdown with the villainous Lex Lugar and the feud that has followed have thrown fan support strongly behind him. Perhaps the only one left unsurprised by this turn of events is Jesse Barr himself.

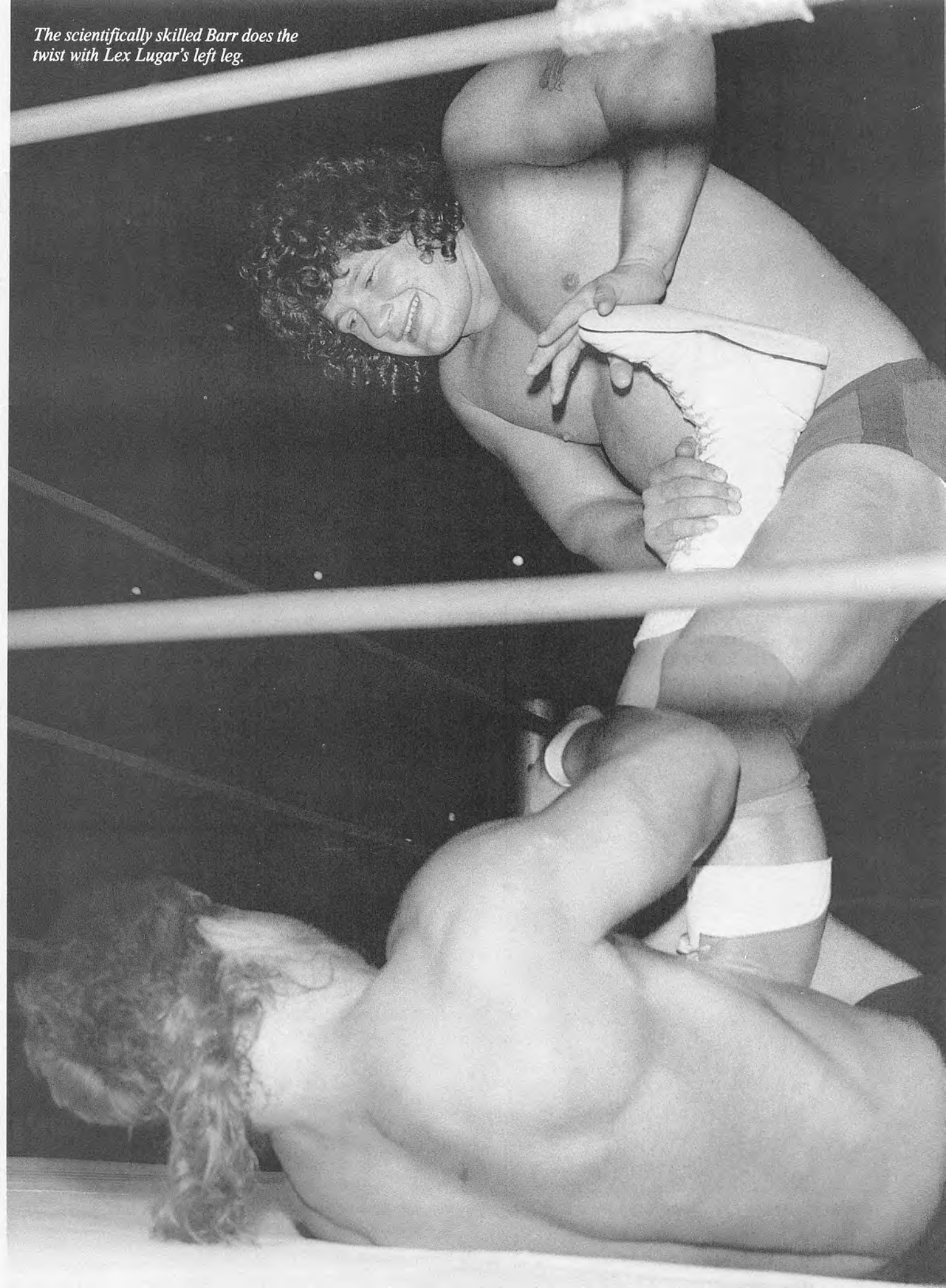
"An I surprised?" he deadpanned during a break in his training regimen. "Sure. I can't believe it took this long!" He chuckled. "Seriously though, I honestly believe that this was bound to happen. Not to brag, but I've got about the best skills around, and with a scientific style like mine, it sometimes takes people longer to appreciate it. You can see that the fans are behind me one hundred percent now, though."

True enough, I thought, but Barr's answer was not fully satisfying. Cautiously, I raised the name of Percy Pringle, Jesse's former manager. For a moment there was silence and Jesse's face grew cold. "Yeah, I got rid of some dead weight along the way. Let's just say that I know who my friends are now, and the fans know which side I'm on."

Photos by Bill Otten

Jesse Barr has been enjoying the support of wrestling fans since renewing his quest to regain the Southern Championship.

Watching this older and wiser Jesse Barr in action that night erased all doubt of this. If Jesse has ever been a minion of Pro Wrestling's darker forces, you would never known it from



The scientifically skilled Barr does the twist with Lex Lugar's left leg.

Lex Lugar and Jesse Barr are about to match skills in hand-to-hand combat.

the cheers that greeted his every hold and takedown. At the match's successful conclusion, Barr acknowledged the crowd's support and the arena seemed to shake with applause.

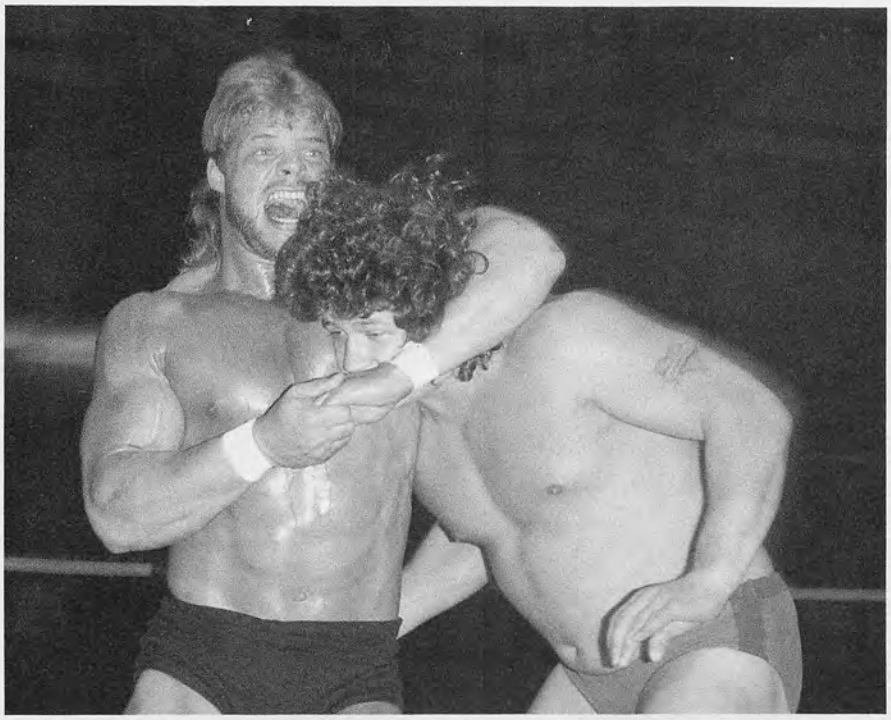
There are doubters who whisper that the new Jesse Barr is simply the old one taking advantage of some unexpected support. A few tough breaks, they say, and Barr will hop the fence again, and go back to his old rulebreaking ways. "Barr has no class, but he is smart," declared one time associate Rick Rude. "He doesn't care whose side he's on, all that matters to him is whether the money is good."

Barr dismisses such accusations, but his new friends and fans are genuinely angered, and won't hesitate to tell you so. Blackjack Mulligan, head of the Windham Family and one of Jesse's new supporters, snarled angrily when I mentioned Rude's allegations: "That two-bit crooked phony is a fine one to talk about loyalty and honor. Jesse's come clean and deserves every bit of support that he gets. I think we should consider the words of the great German philosopher Goethe. He said that when we treat a man like he is we make him worse than he is, but when we treat him as if he is already what he

Southern Champion Lex Lugar flings Jesse Barr across the ring with relative ease.

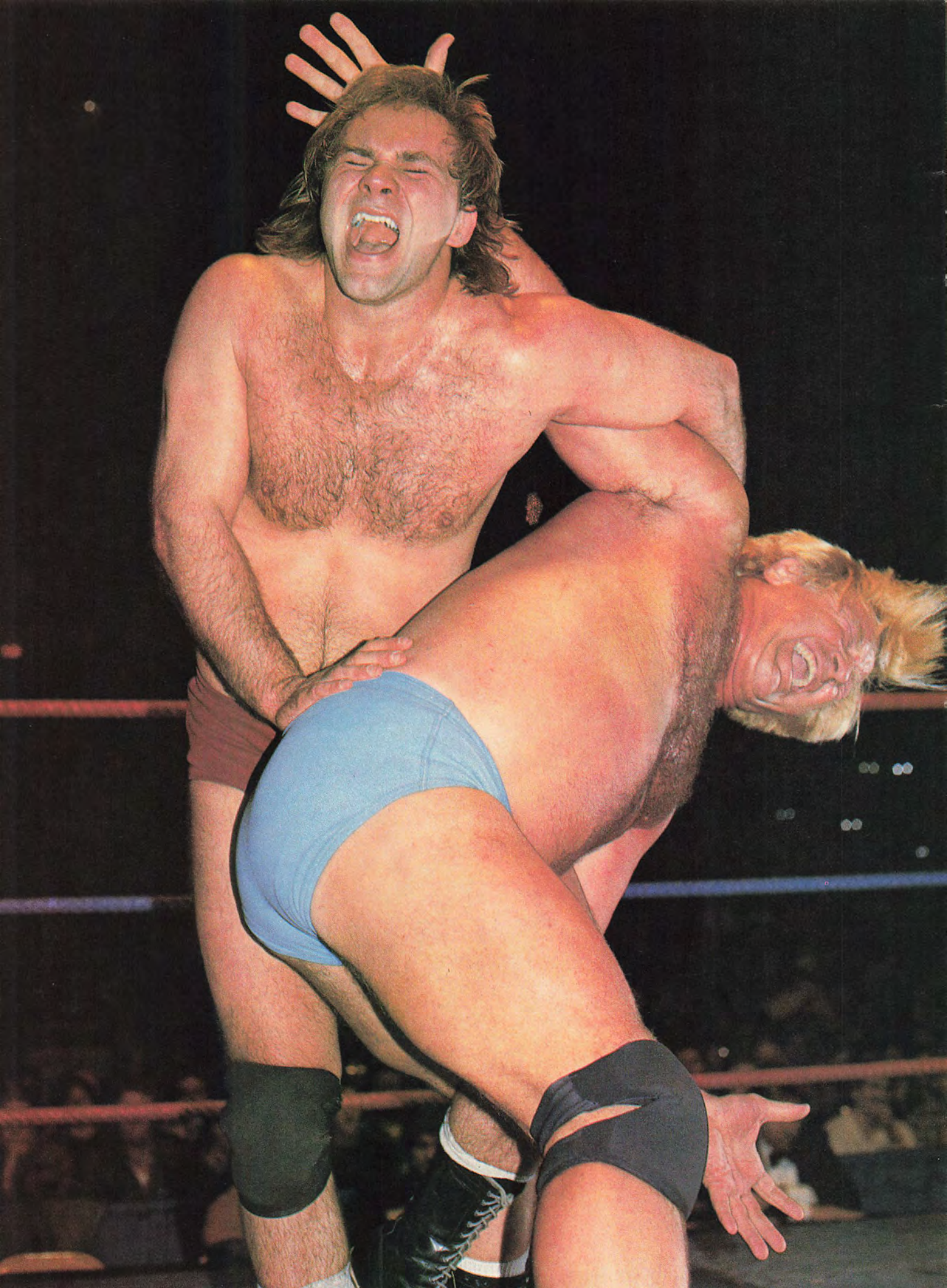
JESSE BARR: "Let's just say that I know who my friends are now."

Lugar and Barr try to psyche each other out as they face off in the middle of the ring (above). Lugar seems to be enjoying the standing Headlock he has clamped on Barr (below).



could be, we make him what he *should* be. That's how I feel about Jesse Barr."

Wrestlers are complex and volatile individuals. Jesse Barr is no exception. His career has been a controversial one. But respected professionals like the Windhams do not give their praise and support blindly, just as rulebreakers like Lugar and Rude don't waste their time and energy on wrestlers who pose no threat to them. Bent as he is on maintaining his new direction, the well-read Barr's favorite book these days is said to be *The Heart of Darkness,* Joseph Conrad's masterpiece on the fatally seductive nature of evil. And indeed, as each opponent succumbs to him, Jesse Bar seems to move further from the shadow of his dark days of infamy and into the light of public acclaim and admiration. ■



MATCH OF THE MONTH

St. Paul Civic Center, Minnesota

Feuding to the Finish!

BOCKWINKEL vs. ZBYSZKO

Old Friends Die Hard in "Death Match!"

Former tag-partners Nick Bockwinkel and Larry Zbyszko are dead set on destroying each other, and considering their current "Death Matches" they probably will!

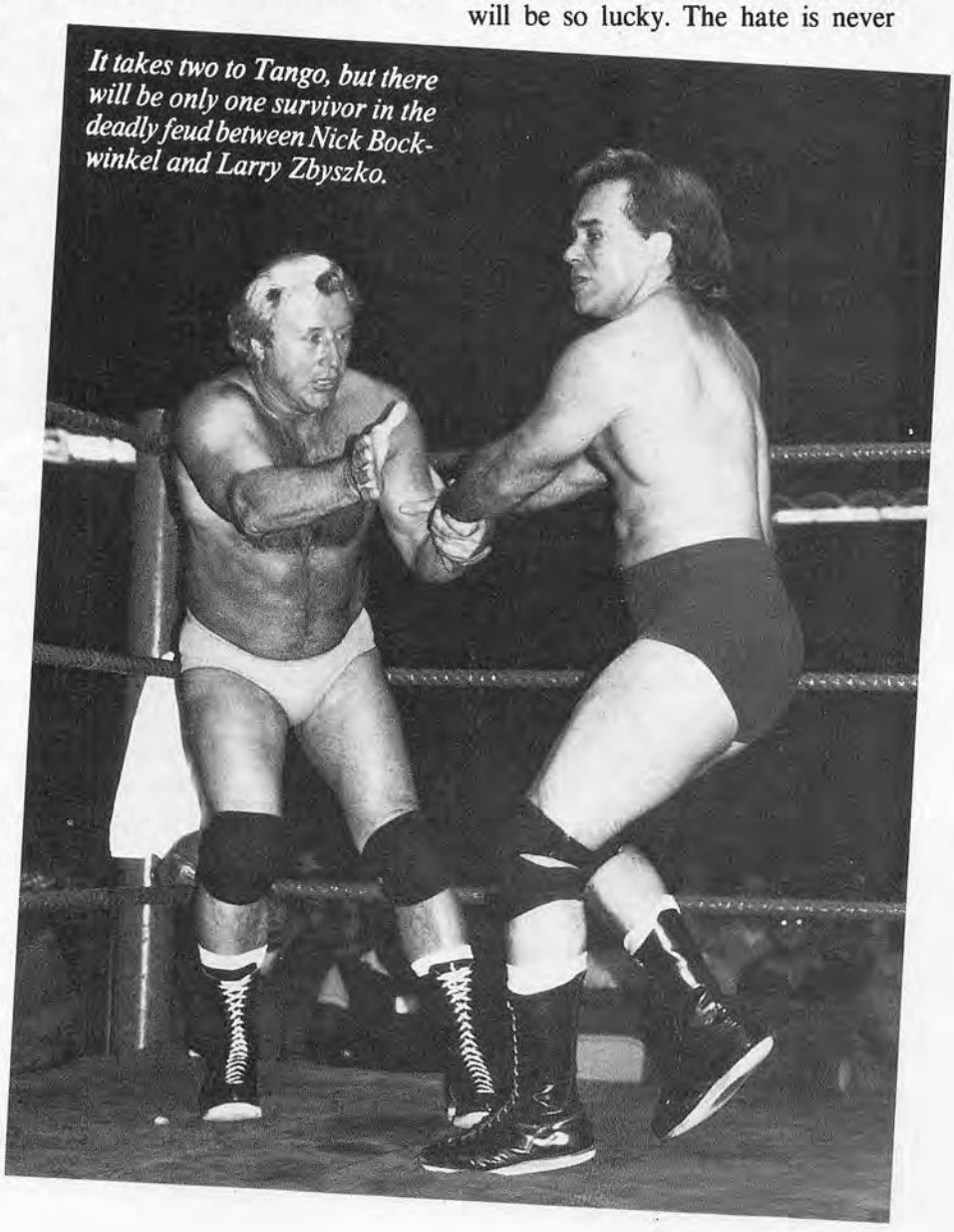
By TED PIPE

As rulebreakers they were still amongst the finest scientific wrestlers. As a tag-team they were efficient if not awesome. Their prowess never relied on brute strength, speed, or aerial combinations—together they worked far more methodically. Bockwinkel offering his experience as a World's Champion—cool, calm, and collected, working on the legs with his vast knowledge of crippling holds, gearing up for the Figure Four Leglock or some other advanced submission hold. Zbyszko filled with angst—boiling over with frustration, trying to prove he really is a "Living Legend" with his armada of Suplexes and Neckbreakers and one of the best Piledrivers in the sport. But those days are over, and the AWA's classiest, if not most arrogant tag-team has split with bad blood between them.

Maybe it was Larry's fault, him and his over-heated ego and big mouth. What was he doing bringing nun-chucks into the ring anyhow? It doesn't matter now, though—with or without his nun-chucks he's got his hands full.

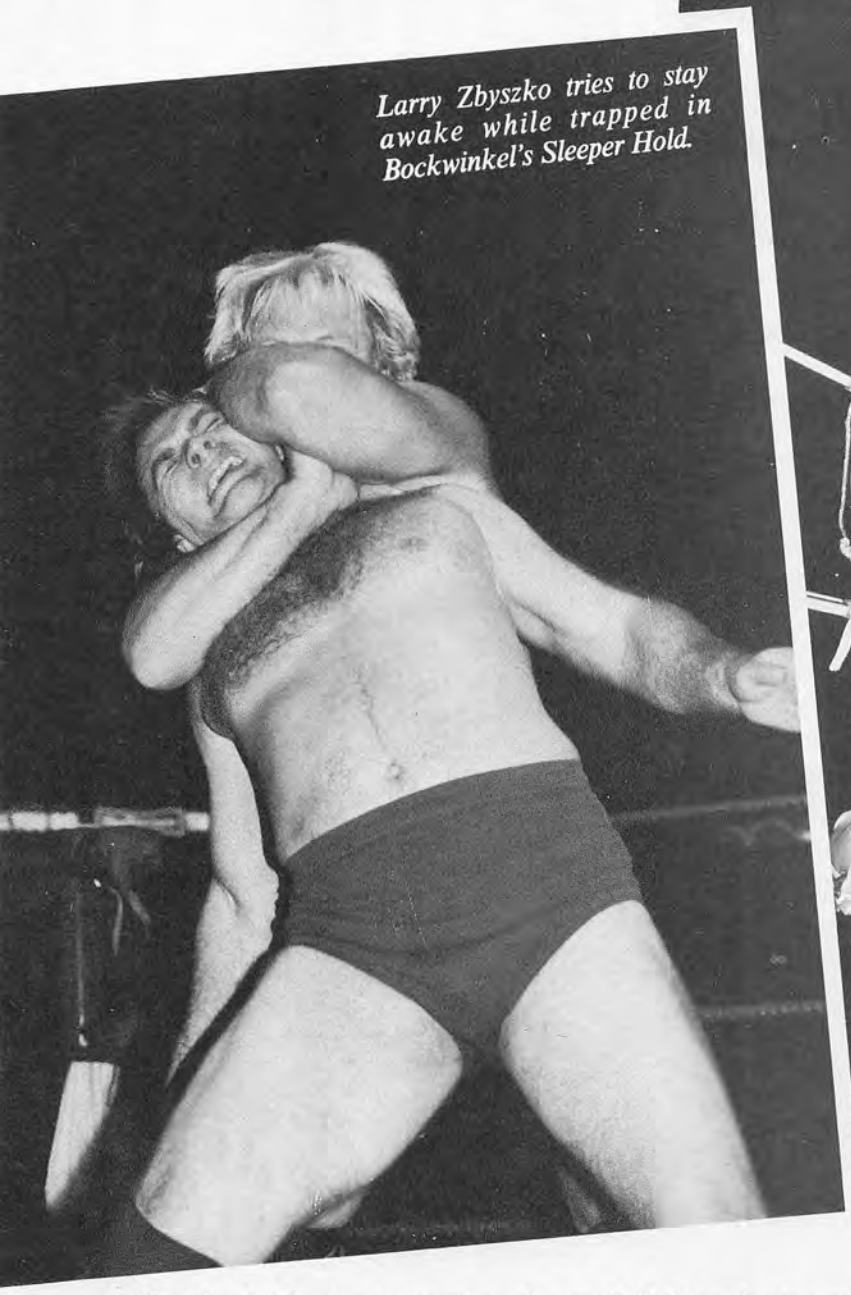
The whole thing is coming to a head now, and the fans in St. Paul bore witness to one of the most exciting grudge matches in years. Tempers were running hot. There was pride at stake, more than pride, a vendetta. Their personalities are hotter than any Communist threat and the way things are looking now there will be no losers in this war, only a winner and a corpse.

Both men survived the "Death Match" in St. Paul, miraculously, but in the future one can only pray they will be so lucky. The hate is never



It takes two to Tango, but there will be only one survivor in the deadly feud between Nick Bockwinkel and Larry Zbyszko.

Photos by Tony Kush



Larry Zbyszko tries to stay awake while trapped in Bockwinkel's Sleeper Hold.

Nick Bockwinkel is in top form as repeatedly stomps Zbyszko into the mat-floor.

thicker than it is between two estranged friends, two professional fighters who are determined to come out intact and smiling. This is no fooling around—this is very serious business. Death Matches are not signed by happy-go-lucky grapplers, they are signed by men looking for a license to kill.

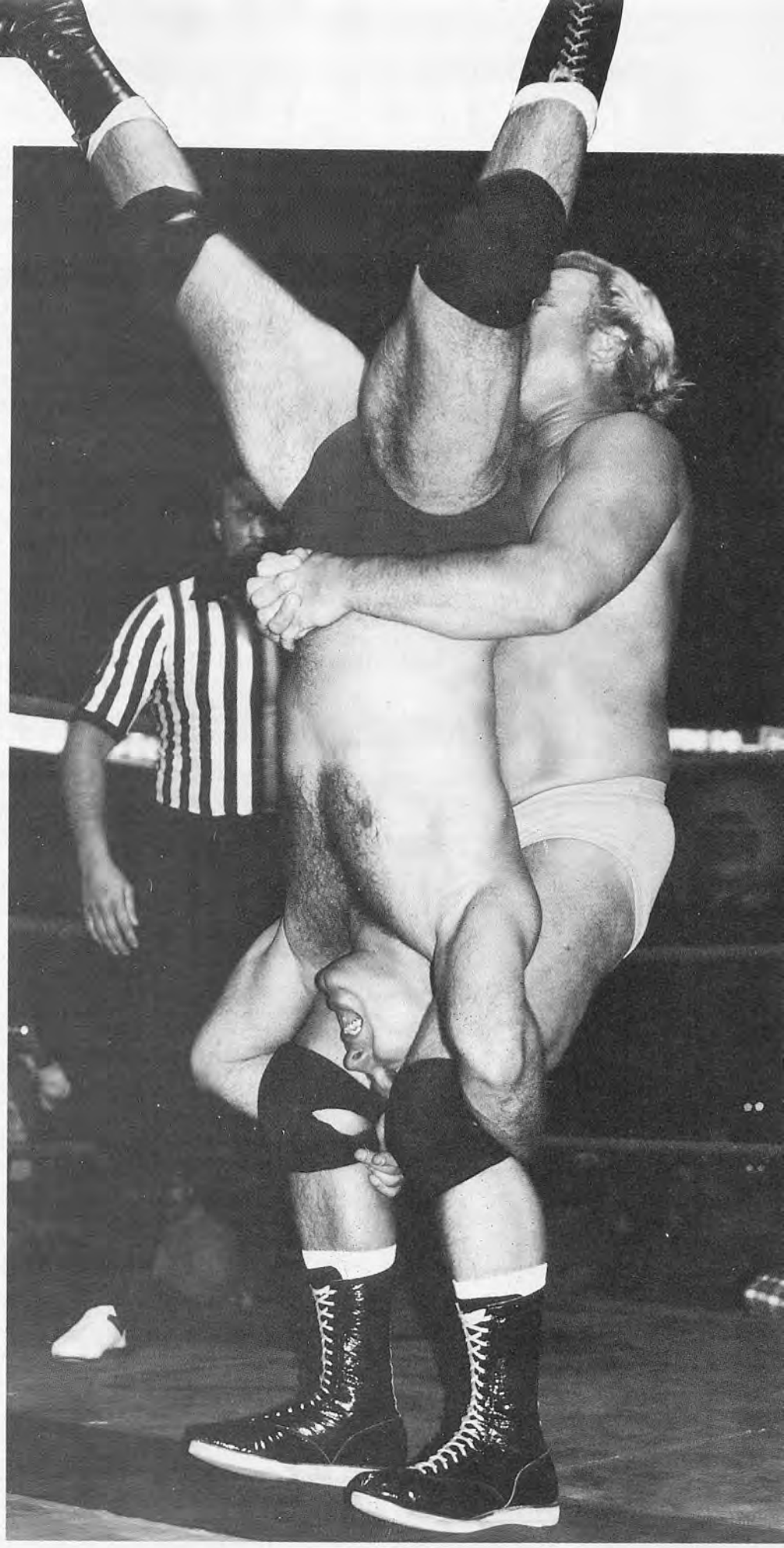
The rules of the confrontation in St. Paul added to the excitement of the match. Pinfalls would not determine the winner—this would be a match to the finish. When the battle was over, only one man would be able to walk away. But in a sterling maneuver by the AWA Rules Committee, a pinfall would earn the grapplers a 30 second rest period. Pretty good idea, huh? It made for lots of suspense while giving the wrestlers a chance to regroup their thoughts and get ready for the slaughter.

Originally, former boxer Scott LeDoux was scheduled to referee the bout, but a zealous Larry Zbyszko protested, arguing that the popular referee would be biased towards the popular Bockwinkel, wrestling as a fan favorite for the first time in his career. So Marty Miller came in a striped jersey and the match was underway—but not before the two men relinquished the weapons they were brandishing. Zbyszko, flailing his nun-chucks over his head with a snarl on his face, and Bockwinkel with a leather whip, had their showdown before they ever locked up. Finally, despite the fans' cheers for violence, they gave up their weapons and entered the ring.

"There will be no losers in this war, only a winner and a corpse."

It was a fury of action from the word go, both men starting out with mostly scientific maneuvers, or at least nothing illegal. It wasn't until after the first pinfall that they really began to brawl.

In total there were eight or nine pinfalls and it was hard to tell just who



Larry Zbyszko is about to fall prey to Bockwinkel's patented Piledriver.

was sacrificing the disgrace of a three count for 30 seconds to breath. It was fairly even, both men taking their advantages with the other's closed fists. Finally it was Zbyszko who took control with an excurtiating Abdominal Stretch, torturing his former pal, pulling every fiber of muscle in his torso as if he were on a rack. Bockwinkel hollered in pain and the fans cheered for his escape. Zbyszko snarled and grimaced and gnashed his teeth.

Bockwinkel, ever the champion, escaped the villainous hold and managed to toss Zbyszko over his hip. Shaky from the submission hold, Bockwinkel took him by the arm and whipped him into the ropes. Coming off the strands too quickly, neither of them were quite prepared for the ensuing collision and you can bet both men were seeing stars as they landed on their backs facing the heavens.

Although Bockwinkel made it to his feet first, a grueling journey of pain and drive, Zbyszko managed to distract referee Marty Miller and stood up while his back was turned to the already standing Bockwinkel. Miller motioned for the bell and wrongfully declared Zbyszko the winner. Too stunned to retaliate to this egregious violation of pride, Bockwinkel stood there looking more disgusted—as if a dog had just pooed on his Beverly Hills lawn—than he was surprised.

But Scott LeDoux, the original referee, entered the ring to explain the situation to Miller, and to the delight of the throngs in St. Paul, the decision was reversed and Nick Bockwinkel was declared the winner.

Zbyszko staggered off, defeated. He had put up a helluva good fight, had actually done as well as his opponent. But he was the loser. Nick pushed his hair back and cracked a smile at his newly found fans. ■

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

Ric Flair

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE (NWA)

World's Heavyweight Champion: RIC FLAIR—245 lbs.—Minneapolis, MN
World's Jr. Heavyweight Champion: DENNIS BROWN—220 lbs.— Honolulu, HA
United States Champion: MAGNUM TERRY ALLEN—245 lbs.—Chesapeake, VA
National Champion: TULLY BLANCHARD—240 lbs.—San Antonio, TX
Tag-Team Champions: MIDNIGHT EXPRESS (combined)—475 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **DUSTY RHODES**—302 lbs.—Austin, TX
2. **NIKITA KOLOFF**—275 lbs.—Moscow, Russia
3. **RICK RUDE**—245 lbs.—Robbinsdale, MN
4. **BARRY WINDHAM**—245 lbs.—Sweetwater, TX
5. **RONNIE GARVIN**—231 lbs.—Montreal, Quebec
6. **LANCE VON ERICH**—245 lbs.—Dallas, TX
7. **KERRY VON ERICH**—260 lbs.—Denton, TX
8. **KEVIN VON ERICH**—240 lbs.—Denton, TX
9. **LEX LUGAR**—245 lbs.—Tampa, FL
10. **SAM HOUSTON**—220 lbs.—Waco, TX

Stan Hansen

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION (AWA)

Heavyweight Champion: STAN HANSEN—320 lbs.—Borger, TX
Jr. Heavyweight Champion: BUCK ZUMHOFFE—220 lbs.—Honolulu, HA
America's Champion: SGT. SLAUGHTER—310 lbs.—Parris Island, SC
Tag-Team Champions: CURT HENNIG and **SCOTT HALL** (combined)—495 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **CRUSHER BLACKWELL**—475 lbs.—Stone Mountain, GA
2. **BRUISER BRODY**—285 lbs.—Albuquerque, NM
3. **NICK BOCKWINKEL**—245 lbs.—Beverly Hills, CA
4. **LARRY ZBYSZKO**—245 lbs.—Pittsburgh, PA
5. **BORIS ZUCHOFF**—250 lbs.—Siberia, USSR
6. **RICK MARTEL**—235 lbs.—Quebec City, Canada
7. **MARTY JANETTY**—230 lbs.—St. Paul, MN
8. **THE BARBARIAN**—275 lbs.—Parts Unkown
9. **GREG GAGNE**—220 lbs.—Robbinsdale, MN
10. **MONGOLIAN STOMPER**—260 lbs.—Outer Mongolia

Hulk Hogan

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION (WWF)

Heavyweight Champion: HULK HOGAN—299 lbs.—Venice Beach, CA
Jr. Heavyweight Champion: HIRO SAITO—220 lbs.—Osaka, Japan
Intercontinental Champion: RANDY SAVAGE—245 lbs.—Sarasota, FL
Tag-Team Champions: GREG VALENTINE and **BRUTUS BEEFCAKE** (combined)—510 lbs.

CONTENDERS

1. **KING KONG BUNDY**—445 lbs.—Atlantic City, NJ
2. **PAUL ORNDORFF**—250 lbs.—Tampa, FL
3. **TITO SANTANA**—245 lbs.—Tocula, Mexico
4. **RODDY PIPER**—230 lbs.—Glasgow, Scotland
5. **ADRIAN ADONIS**—285 lbs.—New York, NY
6. **JUNKYARD DOG**—260 lbs.—Charlotte, NC
7. **RICKY STEAMBOAT**—235 lbs.—Honolulu, HA
8. **CORPORAL KIRCHNER**—230 lbs.—Fort Bragg, NC
9. **MAGNIFICENT MURACO**—275 lbs.—Sunset Beach, HA
10. **BIG JOHN STUDD**—350 lbs.—Beverly Hills, CA

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